THE NEW CANADIAN

There are many roads to Bethlehem

"WHERE one star shines like morning, there is Bethlehem." And so, over the broad highway, past the busy marts of men, I wended my way. But never a shining one did I see in the sky . . . only one pale star glimmering into oblivion. Was that the star? The star of Bethlehem?

I stopped an old wayfarer and said, "Tell me, is that the star of Bethlehem?" The old man scratched his head, looked askance, and shrugged. "Look, matey, you'd better hurry home. 'Tis too much blarney ye be seein' tonight. Get along wid ye afore the police ketch up wid ye!"

Proudly, I gazed at his unkempt hair, his ill-fitting cap, his grimy hands, and then from my full height, I said to him, "I seek the Christ Child. They tell me if the heart be pure, the love sincere, the vision clear, he shall behold the Christ Child's shining face." He scratched his head a second time, and said, "Well, matey, I guess ye'll have to find Him yerself. There's an old woman waitin' without a bite to eat, and I sort o' promised her a share of my day's pickings. You see, they pay ye well in the shipyards . . . even though I'm old." And silently, he was lost in the crowd.

Down past the busy streets I picked my way. Here was the mead. Was the star I was following, the star of Bethlehem? It was so obscured and pale, not the shining radiance the prophets foretold. There, in an old forsaken field I spied a wizened farmer, bent to the plough.

"Say, stranger, is this the way to Bethlehem? Over that hill just yonder?" I asked.

"What for be ye seeking Bethlehem?"

"I seek the Christ Child tonight," I said, drawing myself away from the dirt and grime. "Come, join me, stranger, and let's seek Him out. If your heart is pure, your love sincere, your vision clear, for you the Christ Child will smile in His Holy Sleep!" My heart is sincere, for I worship only the Christ. My love is pure, for I know no sordidness. My vision is clear, for I see naught but the image of His shining face."

"Sorry, young feller," the farmer replied, "I ain't got much time for dreamin' . . . times are hard, you know . . . and my son's yonder, fighting . . . so's I'm back at the plough. Sorry, young feller, I guess you'll have to find Him yerself." And quietly, he disappeared over the curve of the hill.

These are the tracks they spoke of . . . so it must be yonder . . . the Christ Child's stable door, I thought to myself, stumbling upon unaccustomed stones and thorns. Strange graveyard faces met my gaze . . . white peaked faces and bony hands, playing in squalor and dirt and grime. Ramshackle cabins strewed here and there . . . and the strident tongue of the foreigner grated the ear. Surely, not here, not here! Somewhere in my wanderings I had lost my way. But no, the star was still there . . . glimmering and wan.

Suddenly, a girl came into view, strangely unsuited to the foreigner crowd. "Hello!" I hailed her. She stopped in her tracks. "Say, miss, could it be yonder, the Stable of Bethlehem?" Here eyes grew wide as she searched my face . . . only to fall from me as a small child whispered at her skirts.

"Bethlehem, sir?" she asked in strange disbelief, as if what I had asked were something insane.

"Yes, if the heart be pure, the love sincere, the vision clear, one shall behold the face of the Christ Child fast asleep," I replied. "They say it's yonder, in a stable he lies. Come, let's seek him, you and I."

"Sorry, sir," she answered grave and small, "much as I would see His face, these little charges are my first care." And hugging a dirty child to her breast, she quickly and silently hurried away.

Weary and footsore, I walked on alone. Now, there was nothing, only dark desolation and barren waste. I looked up into the sky . . . the star still moved, glimmering and wan. Night came on . . . a storm blew in from the sea. The fear of the unknown was upon my heart. "If the heart be pure, the love sincere, the vision clear . . ." these thing were poor comfort to a lonely man.

I groped in the dark. Was it a man's voice I heard? "Help me . . . my leg. Quick! . . . To the shed . . . they're after me!" A thief in the night . . . yet he was brother to me.

Suddenly, the haggard stranger's fingers dug into my aching flesh. "Listen!" he hissed . . . and from somewhere from the dark precincts of that old shed, there came a wail, a whimpering cry. "He ain't gonna be a number . . . see!" With that, he fled!

There, on the dirty hay, I found the waif, and as it turned its face to mine, I think I saw the Christ-Child's shining face.

This was no time to be seeking for Bethlehem. Regretfully, I lifted the child and turned toward home. Dawn was breaking . . . the air was soft . . . and lo, there was a radiant Star shining over the city from whence I had come.

Co-operatives for the New Year

Dr. S. I. Hayakawa . . .

earnestly requests that you get to work

MY Christmas message to you is not simply a pretty little greeting card with ribbons on it. It is an earnest request that you get to work.

Get Consumers Cooperatives—consumers organizing their own retailing outlets, these retailing outlets organizing their own wholesalers, these wholesalers organizing their own sources of manufacturing plants and sources of supply—is structure. Cooperatives are so organized that you cannot help assisting your neighbours at the same time as you benefit yourself.

Start co-op grocery stores, filling stations, farm supply depots, credit unions. Invite anyone of any race or religion to join who will. Working together for common economic purposes, you will find the usual social cleavages of race and religion (by-products of a cut-throat, dog-eat-dog, profit-at-the-expense-of-your - neighbour economic system) disappearing. Your common economic interest will provide a basis for spiritual unity. You will be drawn together, first in the state and provincial boundaries, your own communities, then across and finally across national boundaries, with fellow-cooperators all over the earth of every race and creed.

PEOPLE WILL WORK TOGETHER

DON'T tell me that the people in your community will not work together. If fishermen in Nova Scotia, migrant workers in California, negroes in Chicago's South Side, working men in Sweden, Denmark, Norway and Finland, trades union men in England and Scotland, independent farmers in New England, Ohio, Kansas, Missouri, Wisconsin, and Saskatchewan, and college professors in Evanston, Illinois, can learn to cooperate, anyone can. Already tea plantations, oil refineries, shoe factories, agricultural fertilizer plants, flour mills, tractor assembly plants, huge insurance companies, and steamships are owned by consumers cooperatives. But all these million-dollar enterprises began in little hole-in-the-wall local societies, such as you will have to start with.

A cooperative started in your community can get immediate help from already established larger cooperative organizations. These may be close at hand or far away, but they will be equally eager to help you get started. Your cooperative will unite the interest of the diverse elements in your community; the practical housewife or consumer whose principal interest is in lower grocery or gasoline prices, the religious or humanitarian idealists, as well as the intellectual utopians. It will enlist the talents of accountants, clerks, salesmen, mechanics, writers, speakers and artists. It wil provide employment, as your co-operative grows, for more and more people, with a big future for the talented. It will keep the money in your community from being drained away by outside corporate interests. And finally, it will unite, in practical everyday terms, common sense and sound business practice with the highest ideals of human brotherhood.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to you, and a Happy New Year. And to make sure that the New Year and subsequent New Years will be happy, stop talking about discrimination and the inequality of opportunity. Start building and creating those social structures that will ultimately make social cleavages, whether of race, of religion, or of class, as antiquated and about absurd as astrology, witchcraft, idol-worship, or head-hunting.

Prejudice and Personality

By Cam Omori

The essential problem facing the second generation as seen by a local Nisei now adventuring in Eastern Canada.

IS there race prejudice in Eastern Canada? Yes. But the answer is too cryptic and apt to be misleading. There is among many sections of the public, not all, a group attitude toward negroes, French-speaking Canadians, Jews, Syrians, Japanese Canadians, and others. Here as elsewhere you will hear that "Jews are all alike", that "negroes are no good", that "Syrians are yellow". But you will also hear of a "good" Jew, a "good nigger", a "good" French Canadian, and even of a "good Jap". In short, these are unconsciously accorded the doubtful honour of being one of the "emancipated". The strangest thing about it all is however that these "good" fellows are not necessarily everything that their usually recognized group is not. But the probable truth is that these have only been individualized in the minds of the people with whom they come in contact. So with respect to these "race prejudice", as such, practically disappears.

After all, what is race prejudice? Is it not only a group attitude or rationalization—a preconceived notion whether it be resulting from physical differences, self-interest, or plain ignorance? There is no denying that we Japanese Canadians wear a distinct racial mask, and it is useless to try to discard that mask. Naturally the general population finds it easier to classify us than to individualize us. Almost every new acquaintance will have some preconceived notion about you—whether that notion was derived from cursory travel in the Orient, magazines, newspapers, or Gilbert and Sullivan.

This individualizing process is not of course an easy one. It used to be that a "greasy Italian" was either a restaurant keeper or a workman, a "nigger" always a labourer. That young Chinese without his laundry bag is not shuffling off to wait on ignoble guests at his "two-bit" cafe. He is an engineer on a Government housing project. Occasionally you will hear of Japanese Canadian doctors, nurses, stenographers, engineers, and tradesmen in the East. Not a few have been accepted into the ranks of the Canadian armed forces.

HERE in the hurly-burly of every-day life the so-called Japanese problem of the Pacific coast is all but forgotten—overshadowed as it is by greater issues. So far as the attitude of Eastern Canadians as a whole to this particular problem can be described—the best that can be said is that it is vague and nebulous. It is of course that a lack of concentration of large numbers of peoples of Japanese descent has prevented a deep fixation of group attitude toward these people. The longer one lives in the East, the more it seems that perhaps one reason why it is often considered that the relatively few Japanese Canadians east of the Rockies fare better with their fellow Canadians than in the coast province, is that here there is greater opportunity of asserting one's individuality among the Canadian public. In many cases the only alternative is practical isolation.

It is a simple fact but nonetheless an important one that this problem of individualization is perhaps one of the chief personal problems faced by a second generation in the East. It is not always easy. People will not know how to approach you. Do not lose your temper if you receive patronizing smiles from well [illegible] persons whom you suspect to be of less than mediocre intelligence. It's better than to receive no smile at all. Patience, tact, sociability and frankness will get you further than apathy. [illegible] living in the East is in many respects a lesson on life itself. Can this lesson be applied to second generation in British Columbia? One would think so. To urge that the second generation strive to become individualized in the eyes of British Columbians is perhaps more easily said than accomplished. But this seems to be a fundamental necessity. To do this will require first a realization in the second generation himself that he possesses a distinct personality inferior only to nobody's. Perhaps from the Nisei viewpoint—the second generation problem of adjustment is too the problem of life—call it human relations, call it soul searching, call it if you wish the socio-psycho-philosophical approach, or call it simply personality of development.

To the leaders and teachers and parents falls the difficult task of searching out, strengthening, and rounding out the Nisei (and third generation) character. In the final analysis, although we do not travel through this life alone, everyone must learn to walk by himself. In teaching the Nisei to walk, we must start from the individual, preferably from childhood.

Canadians on the whole are essentially fair and broad minded people. Nowhere is this more apparent than in Eastern Canada. They are a hard-headed practical people whose way of life may best be described the enterprise system. Is it not a source of comfort to many minorities in Canada that the Canadian tradition is that the state is only a voluntary creation of individual citizens responsible to them and designed primarily to protect their liberties? This tradition offers us a way of taking the sting out of race prejudice through the process of individualization.

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500 Powell Street

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Young People's Society
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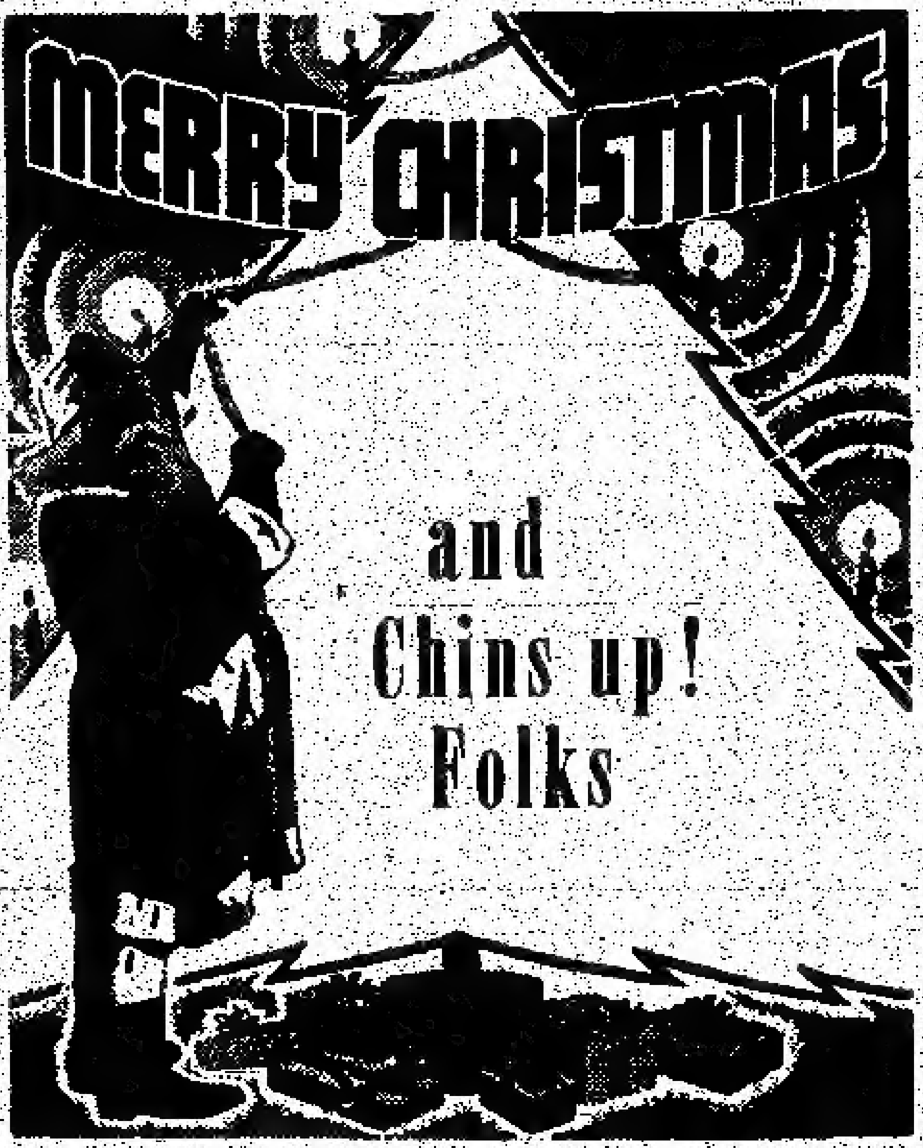

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Prince Rupert, B. C.

Nippon Anglican Young People's Association
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Canadian Japanese Young People's Society
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Young People's Society
Junior Club
Vancouver, B. C.

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The Conflict of Loyalty and Affection

THE average second generation Japanese Canadian, and the first generation too, looks upon the war only with the deepest regret. That regret springs both from selfish and unselfish feelings; but in either case it is both real and deep. And perhaps the collective attitude of the community is to wring its hands in self pity, and bewail the cruel fates that have thus plunged it into the centre of all the conflicting forces now let loose in the Pacific arena. Many of us now declare that we knew a war was coming; but most of us too hoped against hope, and relied on that hope, that 1941 would not shatter the fragile balance of peace that had kept the Pacific as yet undisturbed by a major war.

Yet a detached and cold-blooded observer finds a certain satisfaction in it all, as far as the Japanese Canadian community is concerned. That satisfaction springs from the fact that the war has accomplished in a short time what otherwise would have required years and years. It has come like a surgeon's knife, in swift, sharp though painful operation, severing the lingering ties of loyalty that Japanese Canadians thought they might retain with the land of their forbears. It has reared up like a blitz to knock the collective community off its precarious, uncomfortable perch astride the fence. Pearl Harbour has become the determining factor that has placed us on Canada's side of that fence, as Canadians. And it's up to us to fight for our side, to share the duties and dangers of that side, to become an honorable part of it.

True, there are many Canadians, some sincere, some not, who are going to make it tough for us to prove that we too are Canadians. But now that we know just where we are going, it's just up to us to find out if we are big enough to overcome that opposition.

Right now it's simply a case of clear, straight thinking, of concentrating on the essentials, and not to be thrown off the track by bitterness and resentment. Admittedly some of the guff that is thrown at us today is hard to take. But we can class most of it as coming from the sort of people, wrought up and hysterical, who declare that if they had been born in Japan, they would not therefore have become "Japs". They imply, in other words, that even if born and brought up in Japan, they would have been ready and willing and anxious to sell out the country that had provided for them from birth. As one cynic has observed: "If you pick up a starving dog and feed him, he will not bite you. That is the principal difference between a man and a dog."

The question that every Japanese Canadian faces then, is the cynic right, as far as they are concerned. Are they prepared to be traitors, to sell out the country that has given them birth, to disregard their duties and obligations, to stab the country to which they owe everything, because of a natural affection for the land of their forbears. And it is not merely what one actually does, it concerns too what one thinks and feels. Such is the clear issue of loyalty to Canada. The answer must be just as clear.

If we are honest, we shall never say that we hate the Japanese or that we hate Japan. And if we stand for Canada, we need not be ashamed of being a "Jap". We are human individuals first, with innate sense of gratitude, obligation and duty—and these must be fulfilled.

Indeed, being a "Jap" and being influenced by Japanese thinking ought only to make even clearer to us where our loyalty lies, and to what degree we must uphold it. For it is in the truest Japanese tradition, far more so than in western, that in a conflict between duty and affection duty comes first.

Dr. Inazo Nitobe, famed internationalist, scholar and for years a pillar of strength in the League of Nations, has put it this way:

"In his great history, Sanyo relates in touching language the heart struggle of Shigemori, concerning his father's rebellious conduct. "If I be loyal, my father must be undone; if I obey my father, my duty to my sovereign must go amiss.

"Many a Shigemori has his heart torn by the conflict between duty and affection. Indeed neither Shakespeare nor the Old Testament itself contains an adequate rendering of 'ko', our conception of filial piety. And yet in such conflicts Bushido never wavered in its choice of Loyalty ...

"Since Bushido," Dr. Nitobe continues, "conceived the state as antedating the individual—the latter being born into the former as part and parcel thereof—he must live and die for it or for the incumbent of its legitimate authority. Readers of Crito will remember the argument with which Socrates represents the laws of the city as pleading with him on the subject of his escape. Among others he makes them (the laws, or the state) say: 'Since you were begotten and nurtured under us, dare you once to say you are not our offspring and servant . . . Loyalty is the ethical outcome of this political theory."

Much is being written locally, mostly by anonymous letter writers, some by "yellow" journalists, on the possibility of fifth column activity among Canadian-born Japanese. They found inspiration enough in U.S. Naval Secretary Frank Knox's verbal remark on fifth column work in Hawaii. But no mention is made of his written statement that Hawaiian-born Japanese dockyard workers manned machine guns against the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour. That is relatively unimportant. For us as Canadian-born Japanese, it is important to realize that probably no one has greater contempt for those fifth columnists, and a greater admiration for those dockyard workers, than the people of Japan themselves.

JOURNAL ITEM

The dawn is bursting
From a sky blue and cool,
Like a water lily opening
On a chilly pool.

The hills are unfolding
One by one, as the light
Flaring between them
Breaks from the night.

—*Keith Thomas*

International Brotherhood of Pulp, Sulphite and Paper Mill Workers
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Greetings and Best Wishes for a
Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year

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JAPANESE MERCHANTS
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139 Dunlevy Avenue PAcific 9635

for a that

Christmas for the Children

By T. M. K.

Children are so easily frightened, especially when they sense the uncertainties in the adult atmosphere around them. Now that the much prophesied war in the Pacific is a reality and not merely a possibility, we adults can set the example of courage and endurance from which the younger generation and the children can learn fortitude.

How immeasurably cruel it would be if we, in thoughtlessness, hung around the innocent young shoulders a part of this burden of war with its fears and forebodings. They shall learn soon enough about the hate rampant throughout the world without our thrusting it prematurely upon them.

Hitler has caught in his toils the very young and brought them up on a diet of hate which he shall reap one of these days. The least we in the democracies, can do is to make the opposite stand, and train our children in the humanities that some day they shall live in more harmonious accord than this generation has managed. Children have a right to all the unalloyed happiness they can get, for they are To-morrow. If we would have a happy To-morrow, we must start to-day in laying the foundation.

Some may argue that children had better learn early that life is no bed of roses. Don't doubt it that they shall learn too soon. They do. That is the reason why, if we can, we ought to let them enjoy their childhood. It is selfish to force them to see dirt when they haven't yet the capacity to understand it in its proper place.

Especially is Christmas-tide the season for children. This war has clouded it for the older ones. That is understandable. Do you think it is improper to observe Christmas? I think we should cling doubly to the thought of the Nativity; should cling with greater faith and hope in the promise given to the world by that glorious event.

The demcracies are fighting for the principles of freedom and justice for all people whatever their color or creed.

Of course, because we Japanese-Canadians belong to the same race as the Japanese in Japan, we shall have to suffer in many ways: false calumnies, incendiary persecutions at the hands of "patriots", etc. Unhappily or not, we are too conspicuous physically to escape notice as the Germans and Italians can, with their European coloring. Perhaps it seems incredible to the Occidentals that we can be loyal to Canada at this time. Yet we are. Their mistrust cannot make traitors of us. Let us put our trust in the decency of the common people like us, in the justice that is the slogan of Democracy, and if we must suffer, suffer, with courage and grim endurance.

For above all, we must remember the heritage we give the children, who must not look back to darkness, but to light: the thrilling example of their parents' and elders' indomitable spirit.

So, as Christmas dawns once again, let us give the children their day, and for ourselves remember with abiding faith the song the angels sang:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men."

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the greetings of
This Yuletide Season

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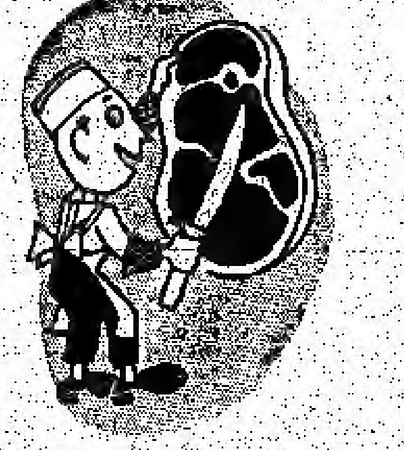
Of Chopsticks, East and West, Etiquette and Indigestion . . .

By "DISCIPULUS"



● *Our Nisei philosopher return after 365 days of profound contemplation upon the science of gastronomy to utter and to offer observations and reflections appropriate to the depths of his well-known wisdom and sagacity—amen!*

THERE are two things that the Nisei would do well never to forget even in our strained circumstances. One is the exquisite art of bowing low from the hips, the other is the dextrous manipulation of chopsticks. The latter art is the one which will be most faithfully retained and conscientiously practiced. Man remembers his stomach before his manners.

Chopsticks are the table utensils of the Orient. Coupled with the porcelain spoon, chopsticks have faithfully fed the Chinese and Japanese through the eras. The Chinese were probably the inventors of this mode of dining but the manner of its discovery is lost in the dim past in the shifting sands of Bungwhan. The second generation on this continent, both Chinese and Japanese, are exponents of this dining with wooden sticks which a well known youngster's encyclopedia describes as being "very much like lead pencils".

Many a Occidental housewife or madam who has employed a Japanese or Chinese cook has marvelled at the simplicity of chopsticks and many have expressed a desire to acquire the art because of its usefulness in the kitchen. With spoon and chopsticks most culinary demands may be taken care of in a satisfactory and clean manner.

In the hands of the expert who cultivates "feel" and intuition, chopsticks may do surprising deeds. One incident which is amazing to the male who watches the clock carefully to prepare a four minute egg is to have a cook-san ignore the clock, pick up the egg with the chopsticks and pronounce it ready or not. Cook-san usually calls the turn to the right degree of the boiled state. Cook-san explains that it is simply done by seeing and feeling how easily it could be picked up with the sticks. This test is for experts. For the stranger in the kitchen it is better for him to call himself "the scientific type" and to rely on Big Ben with an alarm attachment.

THE EAST AND WEST

THANKS to their ability to balance rice with chopsticks the Nisei have bridged the East and West at least in the field of selfish gastronomical patronage and indulgence. Daily the Nisei enjoys the best in East and West. Moreover he frequently visits other lands and tastes their delicacies.

For city dwellers the fare is as varied as much as they please. The average Nisei at breakfast partakes of orange juice, cereal, toast and coffee. Lunch is also Occidental with either sandwiches and tea or a regular meal at a restaurant. Dinner is Japanese with rice, otsuke, fish or meat, or tsukemono and other tidbits. For a change the Nisei has around the corner Chinese dishes of chow mein and chop suey awaiting him. For festive nights and for a late snack a warming "soba" is unbeatable while for the adventurous Nisei the novelties of smorsgabord and chili con carne are to be investigated.

The younger 'fry' in the city seem to lean more towards hamburgers and coffee. It is the march of time and also the fact that the sound of soba being "slurped" up and the sound of the "Chattanooga Choo Choo" do not mix well. Hamburgers, the compressed dinner capsules fit into the modern tempo.

Though there is less variety in the fare available in the hinterland and in the small camps with their Japanese cooks, still the increasing number of Niseis in these camps have had their effect and the demand and serving of varied foods has been noted.

But for late risers the Japanese breakfast of miso-shiru and rice and a bit of something or other will still remain as the speediest method of acquiring internal stimulation and support to last until the noon whistle. For those who enter the mess hall with but a minute to work time a hasty solution of rice and "miso-shiru" will remain as the most steadfast strategy.

THE BIRTH OF AN EPICURE

WHEN the Nisei or for that matter anyone has tasted of foods of both the East and West it is inevitable that he will become taste and enjoyment conscious. He thus may be in the way of becoming an epicure. However the word "Epicure" has been mangled to a mistaken idea. An epicure is too often coupled with Bacchus. Epicurus himself was a Stoic, a fact which is forgotten. Nor does one become an epicure through the medium of walking through every restaurant. No, the true epicure is made by other means. The true epicure is a philosopher before he becomes an epicure. Moreover the true epicure springs from the kitchen.

When a man has donned mother's apron and translated the lingo of the cook book into understandable terms, when he has mixed his ingredients with alien tools and felt the sweat on his brow; when he has popped his mixture into the oven for the trial by fire; when he has tapped his feet, resisting a mad desire to open the oven door for a swift peek; when he has stared at the kitchen clock wondering whether he should wait a minute more; and then when he has finally flipped the oven door and found that he has been hesitating a minute too long—then, in that portentious, agonizing frustrated second either a philosopher or a grouch is born. If a philosopher is born then an epicure is soon to follow but if a grouch is made then he bears a deep wound eternally and to assuage it probably gets married. So epicures are generally single. But again it is not entirely through choice. Women are leery of a man who has discovered that superior cooking is merely a mechanical and chemical operation of simple combination plus a bit of practice.

In contrast with the epicure there is the vain and misinformed male who with fashionable modesty offers the fact that he does not know the difference between a turnip and a casserole. This is regarded by the male as an accomplishment and gladly accepted by the female. It is best to inspect this mode of thought. It may be that the suggestion was planted by Eve. Of course it was. Such males may marry and go through life eating out of cans. Why take a beating while you're eating!

PERHAPS the most fearful aspect of Western dining is the formidable arsenal of cutlery that confronts the guest. The Average Occidental does not relish the prospect of company dinner so it is not strange that the average Nisei would have grave apprehensions of a faux pas at the table. Though it is funny to hear

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t the fellow who drank out of the fingerbowl still a Nisei knocks on wood even while stricken to loor in paroxysms of laughter.

he remedy is obvious. Knowledge gives confidence. he happier days of Japan school children were n to one of the better Western style hotels for h. There the teacher would arise and hold aloft a spoon and say "soup spoon". Then he would onstrate its use. There would follow then a caden- f liquid noise with the teacher hastily subduing the yment. The manners taught are English and the it was highly satisfactory. However the rub was the rules once learnt were never relaxed and so were no true enjoyments.

The Nisei should read thoroughly at least one com- nt book on table manners and then forget its word- and remember only its essentials. Too often the ll points are disputed and many points expressed bsolute law invariable and fixed. Yet according to e and place a good hearty "yum" would delight a tess much more than the conventional "it's deli- us".

One sore spot for the average Nisei is the drinking eating of soup. Noiseless eating of soup goes against Nisei grain. Udon and soba has demanded audible oyment and the habit remains to egg the Nisei into ping his soup and spaghetti with accompaniment. cumbing to this temptation is a bad thing according the books but there is food for thought when one nsiders that people who make noises while they are ing look as if they were eating because they were ngry and liked to eat and because the food was good ile people who eat decorously often look as if they re eating because it was twelve o'clock or six o'clock.

LITTLE WOMAN, WHAT NOW!

OMING down to present circumstances there is the grave situation that we find ourselves in now. Now is all the more necessary that the ladies wield what- er culinary skill they possess. The men will do what- er the government asks them to do and it is up to e women to keep them going. More so is this true nong Japanese Canadians. Many a staple food that s come from the Orient or has been imported from e America will not come any more. Already we feel e effect of the lack of rice. The change is that we all have to eat bread and Western foods wholly. The Western foods too must be economically and health- ully prepared in order to assist our country. No nger will it be enough to know the easy short order ishes. There must be knowledge of the preparation f the cheaper cuts of meats and good cooking in eneral.

If the Nisei womanhood fails in this task the results ill be greater indigestion. The terms "greater" is in he comparative degree because the Japanese Canadians sually suffer from indigestion anyways. Among the Nisei too the condition is quite prevalent. It is a fact hat school teachers taking Nisei children on picnics are mazed at the size of their lunch boxes. A young Occidental lady taking a group of Nisei youngsters to he North Shore for a day hike relates the tale of woe. She came to the ferry slip with her lunch in a little bag. Her charges were waiting for her; they were closely guarding a mountain of haversacks and climb- ing outfits stuffed with rations for a week long camp- ing trip. The youngsters blandly assured her that it was the day's lunch. It was. They proved it by sit- ting down every half hour and eating. The lads hiked only for the purpose of getting to the next clearing and sitting down to eat.

The Issei of course have their hand in this condition. In the community picnics which were so popular a few years ago, the major result of the gatherings was that a great many people suffered acute indigestion or got a hangover. Try this on poppa next time, in a respectful sort of way of course.

So it is best to conclude with a warning to those who are smacking their lips over the prospects of tur- key, giblet gravy, cranberry sauce, plum pudding and other trimmings, that it is simple to have a good Kurisumasu, but care must be taken or they will "Kuisugimasu" . . .

● *One of Seattle's best-known newspapermen describes the war as it came to 100,000 Japanese Americans. And in the policy of the American government, he believes he has found . . .*

Democracy in Practice

". . . give thanks that by accident of birth we are on the right side . . ."

LESS than ten days after the war flared on the Pacific, "business as usual" has returned to the Li'l Tokios of the Pacific Coast. Alien Japanese, technically "enemies," have been told to carry on, with a few minor exceptions, just as they did on December 6, 1941, the last day of troubled peace before Japan's militarists struck as only the desperate strike.

Peace of mind and at least a little sense of economic security have returned to thousands of households here. That, friends, is democracy in action, and a great tribute to the American way. America won thousands of grateful, faithful friends by the humane, well-advised steps the government took to safeguard the positions of alien Japanese long residents of this country.

I happened to be in an information distribution center in the Japanese community when word came that restrictions were removed, that shopkeepers, hotel operators, grocers and other businesses could go back to business as usual.

All week long I had seen harried little men stream into th office for information, enlightenment of some sort which could penetrate a growing fear for the future. They were men with honest faces, shrewd but honest, wrinkled, bent, calloused by toil, some time of effort be denied them. haggard from worry lest the fruits of a life-

All week long I had seen the operators of this office assuring and re-assuring, joking or scolding as the case demanded, trying to maintain the faith of their countrymen that all would be well.

When the news came in, it was as if a heavy black drape that had been hanging over the scene were suddenly raised. It was as if the sun had burst out after eight days of storm. One could almost see life return to frightened eyes, could notice perceptible straightening of spines and the throwing back of shoulders.

A FEW days after the start of the war someone had come into the office and said bitterly: "My assets are frozen. I can't operate my business. I have no cash on hand and I have a family to feed. What am I going to do? I wish the government would put me into a concentration camp so I wouldn't have to worry about the future."

He forgot that in other countries people have been shot for less.

It wasn't the same man who said the following a few days later. It could have been the same man if he had happened to be there at the time. But it wasn't. It was another man, and this is the essence of what he said, slowly and a little reverently:

"It's too good. It's too good to be true. We've been given back our livelihoods. This is truly a democracy. Thank God this is America! It couldn't have happened anywhere else."

(Please turn to Page 15)

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THE SAGA OF AN

By Eiko Henmi

THIS is the saga of Powell Street. This is the story of an unrecorded, uninvited war. No headlines scream the encroachment of enemies into private territory. No sirens wail like banshees over the sea. No light flares suddenly in the darkness. But Powell Street is standing up under the strain.

The battlements of Powell Street have not changed very much during the cataclysmic events of the past two weeks. It goes on very much as it has done for the past forty years during this Christmas tide, preparing for Christmas, hanging holly, buying presents, eating and sleeping. The city itself is just the same. In the distance, the old wooden church with its new coat of brown paint is dimly outlined, obscured somewhat from view by trees which border the ball park, bare trees without singing birds. The little stores are gay for Christmas, gay with streamers and neon lights throwing vivid splashes of red upon the road. Children still walk the streets, oblivious to the world and its cares. The quaint old Chinaman still peddles his ancient sweetmeats, taking his stand on the corner with his little hand-wagon, his bundle of lighted torches, and his tinkling bell. And the tinkling of that bell is as enticing and as tempting as it was two weeks ago. Only the ball park in front of the church holds some aspect of mystery like some brooding thing, lighted here and there where last night's rain made pools glimmer with the flickers from the dancing street lights.

Overhead the sky is the same. The self-same evening stars glimmer faintly through a rent in the grey sky. To the north, across the stretch o placid sea, above the twinkling shore-line the still darker outlines of North Vancouver's hill sprawl like peaceful lions, casually on guard over Jap Town.

TODAY, there is no outward evidence of a batte on Powell Street. That is the irony of it all. Yet, last week, one of the boys came home. He did not believe that such a thing could happen to him. But it has happened. He was up in the interior, working as a section hand, a part of a gang who saw to it that the silver rails were ever in smooth working order for one of British Columbia's longest transportation systems. He had been on night shift, and too tired even to take his boots off, he had fallen asleep when he was rudely shaken out of his slumbers, given his bundle of clothing and told to go. Go? Why? Where? He had not yet heard the momentous news.

He will tell you that he has tried to find a job. He has appealed to the authorities. He was a Canadian-born. Surely the war had nothing to do with him. He was a Canadian! He said it proudly, almost confidently. But bluntly the answer came back. "There's no such thing as a Canadian." But aren't you a Canadian?" Came back the reply, "I'm a Britisher." The finality in his voice was more than an answer. Today, he is a part of Powell Street.

The boy next door is home to stay. The turbulent waters of the West Coast, the muddy, sand-filtered yellow Fraser, the calm inland waters, are now forbidden territory. His trim little boat, on which he had spent his savings is rounded up

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EMBATTLED STREET

with the rest, like so many cattle for the slaughter. Yester, was it only yesterday . . his life was a secure one. It was a bumper year . . . and his enthusiasm hadshown on his face. "Out there," he had said, pointing out beyond the gulf, "where the horizon loses itself, with the wind in one's face, the waves dashing the sides of the boat, the grey dawn breaking, and the engine throbbing beneath one's touch, it's man against the elements. Life's not so petty. It isn't small. It's not so bad at all." And this was the lad that had dreams of becoming a lawyer. No, the sea had not been petty. There was a bigness, a vastness, and a livelihood, out there.

They were going to have their new home for Christmas, with red candles and holly and mistletoe. It wouldn't have been a very big house, but one where they could be alone. Now the holly has been put away . . . the new dress folded for another time. Yet, by habit, he needs must get up each morning with the first ring of the alarm. He must hurry. It is late. Then remembrance comes like an ingulfing stream, and he turns back to sleep . . . a bell boy without a job.

SUCH is the saga of Powell Street today. Powell Street can take it. Its people are learning the story of life the hard way. There will be slip-ups; there will be failures; there will be betrayals . . but there shall aso be victories. Till two weeks ago, the story of these people was a matter of local prejudice. Today, the colour of their hair and their eyes bring with them the problem of their daily bread.

And yet, there are no barricades set up around Powell Street. They invite authority . . . they accept decrees. Their weapon is their faith in the land of their birth. "Canadianism" is their barricade against the hammering onslaughts upon their private worlds.

Yes, Powell Street is taking it in her stride. The Saga of Powell Street is a tragedy, but it is also a saga of courage, for here is no wailing, no wild rebellion. The first bewildering fear is no longer there. The moment of crisis has passed. It has been realized and accepted.

There is a new spirit on Powell Street. It is there, imprinted on the faces of weatherbeaten fisherfolk, dandling their third generation offsprings on their knee, their large gnarled hands idle and awkward, unused to idleness. It is there in the eyes of Powell Street youth, working at jobs which tomorrow may take away. It is there in the smile of maidens, whose world, never secure, even at best, now trembles. Tolerance? Courage? Wisdom? Fatalism? Whatever the spirit, it is that spirit which makes Powell Street people carry on as usual. It is the spirit which enters into the buying of Christmas presents. It is the spirit which fills in the void with everyday, ordnary things . . . things which must be done even if the heart is sorely tried.

This is the saga of Powell Street.

Gen Hayashi

Mitsuo Hayashi

Nao Moriyama

Yutaka Ogawa

Mas Ohno

The Season's Greetings from the Nisei of Mission, B. C.

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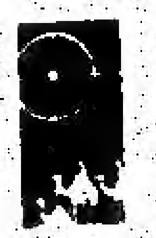
A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



R. R. No. 1
New Westminster, B. C.

★ the female animal

● *By F. A. M.*

THE other day the head man in the joint calls me, so wondering watincll I was going to get told off about, I entered the Almighty's presence. He gives me the fishy eye and says, "you got a girl?" I admit that I am in that happy state then the boss man looks away into space with a dizzy look in his eyes and I know he's got an idea again . . . . funny thing about newspaper editors . . . they always go nuts at a certain time of the year and this was the time I guess . . . finally his optics come back into focus and he says, "I think that if you wrote a column about girls, their virtues and their vices . . . the novelty of it might be interesting." Me, I just stand there and look at the guy for a coupla beats, then I say, "Oh, no, I don't like this . . . I'm agin it . . . . I . . . It ain't constitutional," but a lotta good that does; the guy says, "Well, are you or arent you?" and so I says I see what you mean and get to work . . . not that I'm scared of the guy but after all he's the head man . . .

Now in the beginning, (ahem) what I say about dames and their faults and their good qualities, mostly their faults . . . has nothing to do with my own gal friend . . . don't forget that, Arabella . . .

Now I ain't a woman-hater but gals as a whole are not the passion of my young life . . . most dames are a pain in the neck . . . not you, Arabella . . . they think that we men were made so that we would be around to lay tweed topcoats over mud puddles, "so that they won't get their size fives wet, my dear" . . . . in other words, suckers to the cause . . . their cause . . . then with that masculine protection they can go about looking calm and beautiful . . . the first by the sweat of the gullible male and the latter by the miracle wrought by that great modern invention—paint . . . that "fragile female" gag is really a stinker . . .

After all that's why it's always the females who write about etiquette and that sort of drip . . . they are the ones who get all the advantages while we males do the dirty work . . .

You know . . . women get away with everything . . . now, don't get me wrong, Arabella . . . they give you the stuff about the guy chasing the dame when they know darn well that it's the inferior sex that are really desperate and try everything to get their dishpan hands on any available and unsuspecting specimen of the male animal . . .

And another thing . . . she-males can swoon and drool in public about their Power or Taylor or Mature even when they've reached and passed long ago the age when they should know better, but any fairly normal male going about gushing about his passion for Turner or Grable would get panned by the whole darn world in general . . .

And why, oh why, do all forms and varieties of the female of the species have to indulge in cat-chats . . . some skirts exist on meowing . . . when you see a group of men talking, you'd expect to and find a discussion on sport or the latest doings of such . . . but women, they can't help mixing in the latest dirt and, fellows, it's really dirt . . . such as about the dope who took what's-her-name out to the party . . . and guess what he did there! ! ! and so on into the night . . . well, I guess it started with Eve . . .

Females are born morons in every conceivable way according to a Gallup survey I have been conducting since I was fourteen . . . heck, Arabella, you know you're the exception that proves the rule . . . anyway, for one thing they giggle . . . for no special reason at all . . . another thing, most, if not all of them think that they are smarter than we members of the stronger and better sex . . . this shows more than anything else how bad it is with the members of the lesser sex . . . and they find some guy who is the exception that proves the rule of masculine superiority so they think they have the right to feel sorry for the whole caboodle of us poor unfortunate (to them) males . . .

Of course all the cracks and slams in this are only at the majority of the weaker sex, as I said before, my gal, Arabella, is the exception that proves the rule . . . and, baby, what an exception! ! ! You know, . . . she reaches just to my eyes . . . nice and slim with curves where curves should be . . . nice legs, of course . . . and smart as a whip . . . really agrees with me and my pet theories . . . yes, indeed, she's perfect . . .

Yeah, women really go against my grain . . . . but, Arabella . . . she's an exception . . . and, ah, WHAT AN EXCEPTION! ! !

EDITOR'S NOTE

We offer this page at this time describable only as "The present situation" just for the H--ll of it.

Papa's Kuleesmus

● *By R. I.*

TAKESHI and Sumiko came dancing in from school.

"Ta-dai-ma."

"Ta-dai-ma."

"O-kae-ri."

Busily they peeled off their outer garments and jumped to the table. Mmmmm . . . *chow-mein. Gohan chodai. Ohashi. Shoyu.*

Mama, "Today kara holiday?"

"Hai," said Sumiko.

"Till when holiday ka?" asked papa.

"New Year's second day," replied Takeshi.

"Isn't it long? put in mama.

"Oh, no!"

Ohashis went merrily. Gohan chodai. O-cha please. Ten-year-old Takeshi looked at eight-year-old Sumiko meaningly. She nodded her head vigorously.

"Papa . . ."

"Um . . ."

"Papa . . . can we have a Christmas tree this year?"

"Nani? What?"

"A Christmas tree this year?"

"Nani? What?"

"A Christmas tree . . ."

"Kuleesmus tree? Papa never do that. Papa always say that Kulessmus is Keeleesto—no birthday. Papa is Bukkyo, a Buddhist."

Bukkyo no Kuleesmus wa April no eight day. Uzuki yokka da yo."

"But papa, everybody has a Christmas!"

"But that's different!"

"Mo . . . speak no more about it," commanded papa impatiently, for this topic was brought up every year since the two had started school, "papa wa Bukkyo da."

* * * *

PAPA worked down at the mill with a white man by the name of Jack Moody.

"Christmas pretty soon eh, Jim," said Jack.

"Kuleesmus . . . ummmm . . ."

"Christmas good eh?"

"Nomatta to me."

Silence between papa and Jack Moody.

"Jack Moody what do on Kuleesmus?" asked papa with a faint interest.

"Oh . . . turkeys, movies and lots of beer and wine."

"No church?" said the surprised papa.

"Church. Ha ha. Say . . . I haven't been in a church since I got married."

"Kuleesmus, Keeleesto bon, no?"

"Kleesto bon!"

"Um . . . Kuleesto bon."

"Oh, you mean Christ born."

"Mmmm."

"Sure. Christ born so what?"

"No chuch!"

"Say, Jim, you gotta lot to learn. Nobody has Christmas because Christ was born, not many anyway. You have Christmas tree and Santa Claus because . . . because . . . at Christmas everybody is supposed to be good to each other guy."

"Good-to . . ."

"Yeah. Like the way the mill gives you a turkey at Christmas."

"Oh?"

"Like if the Chinks and Japs were Christians they would stop war on Christmas, shake hands and have some fun."

". . . and you give your kids whatever they want."

"But no money!"

"But no money!"

"Never mind. You give them whatever they want, that's Christmas!"

"Kuleesmus velly good."

"Sure, Christmas is a good time to get drunk too."

* * * *

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Said Takeshi to Sumiko, "I wonder if we should hang up our stockings again."

Sumiko looked at the kitchen pipe and wondered how stubby Santa Claus could ever come down that way anyway.

"We might as well. Wa-ka-ra-nai-yo."

Christmas morning opened bright and cheery. Takeshi and Sumiko tumbled from their beds and raced to their stockings. They stopped. Their stockings were flat, apparently empty. Takeshi took his down. Something rustled. One dollar . . . he gasped. Sumiko took hers down. Money jingled . . . eighty cents . . . she giggled with joy.

Papa's voice could be heard. "Come here."

They went to the parlour. A Christmas tree, poorly and sparsely decorated but still a Christmas tree stood in the corner. And there were . . .

"Oh, a bicycle!"

"Look, Takeshi, at those packages!"

A small pair of girlish hands went to work.

"A paint-box!"

"A new pair of shoes for mama!"

"Oh! Here is one for papa."

"Open it, papa!"

"Mmmm . . ."

A large bottle of Three Star jumped into view and winked alluringly at them.

Papa laughed.

"Santa Clos no forget papa too. Kuleesmus velly good . . . eh, Take-chan . . . Sumi-chan?"

★ the milkman on his rounds

● *By T. M. K.*

CHRISTMAS! and milk to deliver!
Br-r-r! This business makes me shive
Why can't they buy enough the day befon
To save me all this extra chore
On Christmas morn.
On every Christmas morn;

The Wattons never leave their bottles out . . . .
How'd she like to be without?
(Two whole quarts . . . a pint of cream . . .)
I'd like to smash her morning dream!
Here's the note I always write:
"Please put your bottles out each night."
Giddy-ap, you Horsey, Giddy-ap!
I've got to get my morning nap . . .

Next the Downings . . . bless her heart!
She never misses on her part.
Who, you Horsey, what do you know!
Here's a gift she left to show
She really does appreciate . . .
(Catch her growling when I'm late.)

The Baxters now . . . I hope he's up
To let me share a cheering cup . . .
He hasn't missed these seven years,
As soon as Horsey's tread he hears,
To open wide the door to greet
The early milkman from the street:
"Merry Christmas, Bert, you dope,
You can stand a glass, I hope!"
Giddy-ap, oh Giddy-ap, you Horsey pal o' mine!
Sweet A-d-line . . .

* * *

And still the milkman wends his way,
Familiar rounds of every day;
Stopping here,
Stopping there,
Now very warm and cheery,
Tho' his eyes grow somewhat bleary.
The cheer that meets him at some houses . . .
Oh nectar of the happy spouses!
Works upon him like a charm.
(Good gosh, I hope he doesn't come to harm!)
Then at length the Horsey stops unreined . . .
He is a horse superbly trained . . .
Before the end-house on the block,
Whose shuttered windows seem to mock
The solitary wagon and the solitary horse . . .
And the milkman's strange, zig-zagging course.

* o o

STEADY now! Steady!
Buddy, are you ready?
Horsey, can't you ever stop your whirling;
Must you set the milk a-twirling?
Haven't I enough to do,
Without my looking after you?
Now stop your weaving
And your heaving . . .
Let me stand upon the ground.

Whoops-a-daisy; The earth turned round
And smacked me in the face just now!
If I drop this bottle . . . ugh!—I'll be in an awful row,
Steady, boy, steady! Hang on tight!
A little to the left . . . no, better to the right
The sidewalk seems to slip somehow . . .
It doesn't stay in place at . . . WOW!
Nearly got me with that monkey-shine . . .
Got to toe the sober line . . .
Funny how each Christmas past
This place has always been the last,
And ev'ry time it's the only one
To start this peculiar kind of fun . . .
Trying to trip me down and . . . well,
There seems to be a sort of spell!

Just the same you can't fool me;
I can reach that porch, y'see?
It'll take sometime, you bet,
But . . . I haven't broke a bottle yet!

DECEMBER 25, 19
Suzuki Kashit
S. Sasaki
Okashi and
Confectionery
357 Powell MA
S. T. Auto
Supplies
T. Sakaki
Highland 1295
Cor. Powell & Victori
Maikawa F
Market
333 Powell M
Yoshin
362 Alexander
Nose S
Repair S
455 Powell
Bunka S
250 Powell

zuki Kashiten
S. Sasaki
Okashi and Confectionery
Powell MA 2036

Hayami Radio Service
323 Powell PA 6932

S. Uchida
Stationers
347 Powell PA 2712

B. C. Wood Company
Foot Woodland HI 0915

Nagami Kashiten
Japanese Cakes and Confectionery
423 Powell HI 0612

S. T. Auto Supplies
T. Sakaki
Highland 1295
r. Powell & Victoria Dr.

Home Funeral Parlour
742 E. Hastings HI 6194

Shinkosha Shows
1065 West 8th BA 4581

M. Ebisuzaki & Co.
Drygoods
337 Powell MA 5952

Yamato Camaboko
Fish Cakes
187 Main PA 6713

Maikawa Fish Market
3 Powell MA 7251

Chaki Fish Market
262 Powell PA 8429

Harry's Clothes Shop
Proprietor
Harry Miyazaki
459 E. Hastings HI 2132

Nabata Transfer
222 Gore MA 8702

Powell Bakery
Delicious Cakes
342 Powell PA 7629

The Compliments of the Season

Yoshino
362 Alexander PA 6826

Ginza Cafe
344 Powell PA 0954

O. Kondo Co.
390 Powell PA 4516

Empress Cafe
328 Powell PA 2029

Nose Shoe Repair Shop
455 Powell Street

Sun Pekin
252 Powell PA 9610

Nimi Shokai
331 Powell MA 9952

Takahara Co.
Medicines
Main & Powell PA 2954

R. Uyeno & Sons
Carpenters
636 Powell HI 2768-R

Bunka Shokai
250 Powell PA 0318

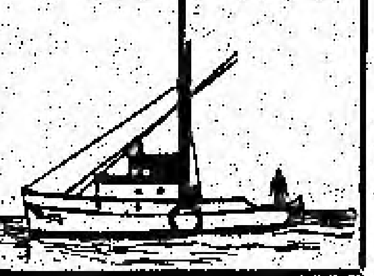
J. Hori & Co.
Groceries
453 Powell HI 0489

Chiba Tofuya
206 Main PA 7861

Seishindo Co.
249 Powell PA 3028

Natsuhara Shoten
"Manufacturers of All Kinds of Noodles"
545 Powell HI 0027

THE LAST CAST



A SHORT STORY BY

ROY ITO

THE old man slowly opened his eyes. For a few odd seconds the mistiness of sleep still clung to him and then two familiar sounds filling the small cabin, the gentle waves caressing the wooden hull of his gill-netter, the loud ticking of his alarm assured him that all was well.

The old man yawned, shook his head like a dog and sat up on his small bunk. He peered through the porthole. Other craft were riding at their anchor, their lanterns shining and reflected in the murky waters of the Skeena.

Already lights were on the river. A boat puffed slowly out, a ghostly vessel and a ghostly man sliding out to work. A bit too early thought the old man. He took down the tide book. Let's see . . . August 25 . . . low-tide 2:24 . . . add 10 difference . . . that would be 2:34 A.M. . . . six feet too . . . too early concluded the old man again.

He slipped on his rubber boots, his thick sweater and groped his way outside. Stretching himself to his full five-four, he took a deep breath to fill his cramped lungs with the late-summer air.

The sky was filled with a mass of pin-pointed stars. Dark clouds hung here and there and over to the south swung a hazy shadow of a moon. A solitary light flickered to the west, marking his home, one of the many canneries of the river.

He suddenly stooped to peer at a boat riding close by. "T-K-three-six-two-one," he read; that must be his son Takashi.

The old man sat down on his small stool. He took out his can of hand-rolled cigarettes, took one, lit it, puffed once, and lost himself in worried thoughts.

Here it was, the 25th of August, the last night of the last week of the sockeye season, and he had meant to have the problem finished and solved once and for all. But that was what he had intended to do for what he had actually done was negligible.

His Son, Takashi

For seven busy weeks he had pondered over the problems of Tak, problems of the old man to be more concise. He wondered if all nisels were restless and blind to the cold, actual facts of life. No matter in what way the old man had castigated Tak, with pleading words, with sarcastic words, insulting words, Tak remained staunchly, obstinately to his stand. His son had a healthy determination and faith in his belief, there was no scepticism in his make-up. No, Takashi believed he was right.

For six years he had gone down south to find a better living and six summers he had returned to Skeena to fish. To the old man, that was enough in itself to warrant Tak's permanent stay in the cannery but to his son, no.

Tak had it all figured out. Fishing to him was a foolish business. Fishermen, he said, worked day and night the summer long, but still when winter came, the cannery was a necropolis of worried men. Always in debt to the cannery, they never tasted the common things in life that others took for granted. Tak said, "Isn't that enough for anyone to try for something else? Isn't there a hakujin axiom that says, "Try, try, try again"? Isn't there a Japanese tale about a frog who jumped and jumped till he got where he wanted?"

The old man stared in the direction of his son's boat. Yes, Takashi was right, fishing wasn't much of a living but every work had its detestable but bearable points. Fishing wasn't a road to fortune but it gave a healthy living, good comrades, and a zest for living. Wasn't that enough . . .

But the old man knew that no matter what the malignant facts may be, it was now to late to resume to mere talking. To-morrow the sockeye nets would be hung up for the last time and his son would head south again on the next boat. Something had to be done, now and quickly, but the old father saw no way except one. Weeks of thinking, thinking when he should have been sleeping had given him only one possible solution.

That Was The Chance

He wondered if it would be worth the result he prayed for. Would Tak react as he hoped? Would he? That was the chance he had to take but still a more complex thought occurred to him . . . was it necessary?

Would Takashi after a few more years of pilgrimage to the south settle for good in the Skeena? Or would he forever be a rolling stone between two points, like a bird in a seasonal migration, unfixed and unreliable?

To the old man that was the big question . . . was it necessary? And something told him he must act before it was too late. He himself was getting old, he would die before long anyway and no sacrifice was too great for his son reasoned the old man. No sacrifice was too great.

Abruptly he stood up and glanced obliquely at "TK 3621". His mind was made up. Was it necessary? Would it work? What did it matter! He could at least try. The old man had made up his mind.

HE felt his way into the cabin. He stooped over the engine and primed the starter. H eopened the gas-valve, he spat on his tough hands, he grasped the fly-wheel and swung it over in one expert movement. The engine started to life, uncertainly, smoothly now as the speed was increased.

He drew in his anchor, swung his tiller, and shoved his gears ahead. With a faint gurgle the propellor began its revolutions and the gill-netter headed into mid-stream. It wove its way among the sleeping boats and in a few moments puffed alone in open waters.

The old man helped himself to another cigarette. Luxuriously he puffed. He felt strangely light and carefree. Everything would be all right. Takashi would stay in the cannery, make his home there, look after his mother and hister. He would fish for cohoe and spring like the rest of them. Everything was going to be all right.

He headed towards the point, it was the shadowy outline dead ahead. He left the tiller for a few seconds to check the oil in the lanterns. Refilling them, he once more took his place at the wheel.

The old fisherman calculated the distance in the darkness with an experienced eye, maneuvered into position, slowed his engine, took his place in the stern and began casting his net. Gently he placed the end buoy on the river, it trailed behind. He played out the cork-line and the lead-line neatly so as not to tangle the meshes. The rest followed, the old man guiding them in effortlessly.

Twenty Corks, Thirty Corks

Twenty corks, thirty corks, forty corks. He drew his gears into neutral and glanced back at his corks. A few were caught in the light and bobbed impishly, the rest were lost in the dark to where the buoy lantern shone cheerfully.

He once more shoved his gears ahead and then he did a strange thing. He no longer guided the two lines. He threw the net into the river twisted and tangled. Ten yards, twenty yards, once more the gears were pushed into neutral. The boat glided to a stop, the exhaust puffed laboriously. Silently the old man contemplated his work. He could not see his net in the darkness but he knew how it would look.

It would look as if he had been casting his net . . . and then his foot had been caught in the treacherous meshes . . . he had been pulled into the river; frantically he had grasped the cork-line . . . but the net had come tumbling out as he had tried to pull himself in . . . the boat had moved farther and farther . . . the nets jumbled . . . and the old man had been claimed by the icy Skeena. That is how it would look thought the old fisherman with a wry, penitent smile.

HE sat down on his stool and lit another cigarette. He brought out a box of cookies and munched them slowly. They tasted good. He looked behind to the solitary, feeble light of the cannery, his wife and daughter were there. He gazed at the opposite side of the river. Clustering lights marked the still-anchored fishing fleet, one of them was his son Takashi. He looked this way and that way and each time once-forgotten memories returned.

He remembered the old sailing boats towed out to the fishing grounds. He remembered shivering many times in the wet with a cold bowl of rice in his hand. He remembered the fog and how he had went ashore at Powell Point. He remembered the fishermen of long ago, of the many that came to Skeena each summer to fill the bunk-house with their lusty songs. He remembered the great catch, the unbelievable storm, the strike, the great fire. Memories . . .

He dipped his hand into the river. It was cold, very cold. Thirty years the river had given him a living, it was like a friend, but still it was a cold river.

Thirty Years

Thirty years, much had happened. Sail boats to gas engines. Sue and Tak were born and raised. Tough years, fat years, lucky years, tragedy years, they passed the old man in thirty short years. And now he was old, no longer young, ready to go. He wondered what they would say at his funeral. "The old man was a good man . . . honorable, helpful and kind . . . for thirty years he . . ." Thirty years . . .

He threw his cigarette into the river, the glowing end was snuffed out in a second. For a few moments the cigarette clung to the hull as if reluctant to part with a living body. I disappeared. The old man had one more thing to do. He opened the gas-valve and emptied the tank until only a few minutes supply was left. The petrol left an oily, greenish mess on the surface of the river.

Once more he started the engine, the gears ahead. The old man took a quick look around, he took a step to the side, and another, and he was gone.

The gill-netter moved slowly on its set course, the snaky mass following in its wake. It soon reached the end. The cork-line stood taut. The propeller gurgled. Dismally the exhaust in the inky darkness of the shadowy mountain. It gave a cough . . . a dying motor gasping for life . . . and it stopped. The engine was dead . . . and soon it was cold.

A Merry Xmas & A Happy New Year

Kiyoshi Murakami	Mr. and Mrs. N. Yoshida	Tadao Naruse	Mr. and Mrs. S. Mizuguchi	Mitsunobu Kuba
Shinichi Nakade	Shinichi Matsuo	Shoji Minamide	Mr. & Mrs. I. Hirayama	Rintaro Hayashi
Mr. and Mrs. T. Kobayashi	Kiyoshi Tamemoto	Eva Kadohama	Takeshi Kobayashi	G. Otsu

Best Wishes for

A Very Happy New Year

UNION FISH COMPANY

469 Powell Street Highland 0335-6

religion & loyalty

By Y. H.

I find that I cannot take lightly the closing — although temporary — of some of our religious institutions in the community because of Japan's entry into the war on the side of the Axis powers.

If there ever was a need for such institutions, now would be the most logical time. For, now, more than at any other time in the history of Japanese Canadians in Canada, they are undergoing tremendous and conflicting mental and moral strain. And, in this saddened hour, the church — be it Buddhist, Christian or Nichiren — should serve to guide, uplift and inspire them with courage and faith to serve this, their country, faithfully come what may.

Now more than ever before we Niseis too need to renew our faith, and courage to face the hostile elements of the population. Here again too the church must assist them to resist the temptation of an "easy way out," that of resigning themselves to utter despair and defeat.

There can be, must be no doubt of the Nisei's loyalty to Canada. No matter what may happen, they must not lose their faith in Canada, they must not allow themselves to become bitter, their views twisted and scarred.

Much re-building will have to take place when the war is over. The Niseis can play their small part, starting right now by proving beyond a shadow of a doubt, by word and by deed, their loyalty to Canada. And this sense of loyalty can be a part of their ultimate contribution to the building of a greater Canada, a courageous and shining sense of loyalty which shall inspire other Canadians as well.

And I believe that should the worst come to the worst, and Japan were to invade Canada, there will be no doubt, no hesitation among the Nisei as to their loyalty. Their sense of loyalty — that priceless racial heritage of the Nisei so deeply ingrained in them — will rise to the fore, and the Nisei will take up arms with fellow Canadians in defense of their families, their homes, their country — Canada. For I believe that the Niseis, too, are made of the stern stuff of men and of heroes.

Heartiest Greetings for

A Happy Holiday Season

RIVER FISH COMPANY

Steveston, B. C.

KOMURA BROS. LTD.
General Merchants

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Ladies' Shoes a specialty

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Best Wishes for

A Very Happy New Year

NIPPON CLUB

362 Alexander Street PAcific 8928

TAKEYARYUKAI
School of
FLOWER ARRANGEMENT

Mrs. E. Mori

Greetings for the Yuletide Season

639 E. Cordova Street
Highland 5133

Sincere Good Wishes for

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

SHOWA CLUB

Vancouver, B. C.

What's Fashion!

WHEN Orberosia of 'Penguin Island' first draped her innocence in a rose-colored tunic and covered her feet with sandals, she excited the interest and admiration of males, young and old.

Since then, Fashion has changed and evolved, the woman courageously changed her form to that of the year, her figure to that of the season.

Today, Fashion is a business, serious and dignified, strongly reflecting contemporary life and feeling.

But a lady of Fashion continues to excite the interest and admiration of all males.

The sole interest of Modiste's staff of expert buyers and stylists is to make you a lady of Fashion; and through careful study of fashion trend, customer demand, and current events, they will continue to bring you scoops from the Fashion mart.

Greetings

from the Staff and Management of

M O D I S T E

Fashion Shop

May your Christmas, 1941, be the the happiest,

and every good fortune attend you throughout 1942!

Mr. T. Shimo-Takahara

Mr. Kasey Oyama	Mrs. M. M. McNair
Mrs. F. Hamazaki	Mrs. A. Norman
Mrs. A. Koyanagi	Miss June Topley
Mrs. S. Yoshimoto	Mrs. A. Genge
Miss Hisae Omoto	Mrs. W. I. McInnis
Miss Eva Kadohama	Miss Jean McRae
Miss Joan Inamoto	Miss K. Starchuk
Miss Ina Dalziel	Miss Anne Glennie
Mrs. Louis McNab	Mrs. V. Carlson

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HANAKO NARUSE
A.T.C.M.
Teacher of Piano
Steveston, B. C.

MARY NAKA
A.T.C.M.
Teacher of Piano
191 Main PA 3296

MARY NAGANOBU
A.T.C.M., L.R.S.M.
Teacher of Piano
396 Powell MA 6296

KAY MORI
School of Designing
and Dressmaking
Steveston, B. C.

LILY WASHIMOTO
A.T.C.M.—Piano
A.T.C.M.—Singing
1286 W. 14th BA 3612-Y

A Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year
Sun Beauty Parlour
Mrs. T. Ikeda
437 Powell HIgh 5565

Heartiest Greetings for
A Happy Holiday Season
Dressmaking and Sewing School
MRS. J. KAWANO, Principal
259 East Hastings MArine 5962

Sincere Good Wishes for
A Very Happy New Year
Girls' College of Practical Arts
MRS. SADA SHINOBU, Principal
302 Alexander Street PAcific 1556

Best Wishes for
Christmas and the New Year
Marietta School of Costume Design
HARUKO MORISHITA, Principal
857 Homer Street MArine 0983

MUSIC BOX

BY A. Y.

THE YEAR-END ROUND-UP OF POPULAR TUNES

The year, 1941, proved one of the most interesting and at the same time, one of the most insipid years in the annals of popular music. . . . Interesting because of the sweeping gains made by the juke boxes in popularity, the many excellent recordings of "sweet" and "swing", the increasing number of entertaining Hollywood creations featuring name bands, and the rise of several colorful new bands. . . . Insipid because of the colorless run of songs which ruled the roost on "Your Hit Parade".

Biggest news of the year, of course, was the "scrap", to use an apt vernacular term, between the radio networks and ASCAP (American Society of Composers and Publishers) with the latter losing heavily both financially and in prestige. For

ASCAP vs. RADIO FEUD

instance, when NBC and ASCAP decided to bury the hatchet on a dreary seven-month feud in August, ASCAP had kicked away $2,500,000 in receipts (ouch!), stood to make $1,000,000 per year less than in 1940 when the radio barons paid it $4,500,000 (ouch!), and had lost its tight monopoly on broadcasted music—BMI (Broadcast Music Inc.) radio-nursed corporation will continue to function (OUCH!).

While BMI had not yet cut its milk teeth, its arrangers and composers frantically thumbed non-copyrighted music for inspiration. Stephen Foster, the classics, the so-called semi-classics, and Latin American tunes were worked over and over-worked. "Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair" was fairly crucified. Staid lovers of classical music threw up their hands in horror as Tin Pan Alley pillaged works by Tschaikowsky, Greig (Anitra's Dance"), Brahms, et al. Even the hardy perennial favorite, "Stardust", took an awful beating. Latin American tunes, "Frenesi", "Amapola", "Green Eyes" and a host of lesser known bits, appeared in dozens of different musical costumes.

And all this was strongly and quite faithfully reflected on "Your Hit Parade", self-styled gauge of America's current song favorites.

In the first few months of the year, there was actually a dearth of presentable new songs. During this vacuum one song had "greatness thrust upon" it. "I Hear a Rhapsody" was its title. Before this piece, "Frenesi" had rode to fame on

RECORD BREAKER

the strength of Artie Shaw's impeccable recording. And until another song worthy of the name had appeared ("Amapola"), "I Hear a Rhapsody" was marqueed ten times over such lesser lights as "You Walk By" and "It All Comes Back to Me Now". In the scramble, a six-year record holder, "My Reverie" (8 firsts) was relegated to the limbo of past champions.

In surveying the whole year's parade of song leaders we find two others right on the very heels of "I Hear a Rhapsody". The amazing feature of the statistical showing of "Maria Elena" and "Intermezzo" is that both came first just twice.

Shattered, too, during the year was the proud record of seventeen Hit Parade placements made by the rollicking ditty "Beer Barrel Polka", when six songs appeared eighteen times or more on the year's calendar of songs.

The grand old lady of them all was "Maria Elena" who fairly creaked with old age as "she" bowed out of the "Hit Parade" scene in the 22nd act on September 27th, after having made her debut five months before on May 3rd.

Among other melodies, "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire" moved up the rungs of the ladder with scorching speed, with only thirteen appearances to date to its credit.

"The Things I Love" (with 8 fourths to make up for the lack of first, seconds and thirds), "Daddy", and "You Walk By" complete the list of the top ten numbers for 1941.

Other songs which gained first place billing and deserving mention are: "There I Go", "Wise Old Owl", "My Sister and I", "Hut Sut Song", "Tonight We Love" and the latest, "Elmer's Tune".

More detailed statistics are:

	Song Title	1st	2nd	3rd	Times	Pts.
1.	I Hear a Rhapsody	10	1	1	16	143
2.	Maria Elena	2	6	4	22	142
3.	Intermezzo	2	6	2	20	140
4.	You and I	5	3	1	19	126
5.	Frenesi	3	6	2	18	123
6.	Amapola	6	1	1	19	121
7.	I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire	4	3	1	18	112
8.	The Things I Love			1	18	105
9.	Daddy	6	1		15	104
10.	You Walk By		1	6	16	101

10 Points for 1st, 9 for 2nd, 8 for 3rd, and so forth.

The lack of space forces me to postpone the results of the song contest just recently completed. Look for it and other Music Box jottings in the following issue of The New Canadian. In the meantime, A Merry, Merry Christmas.

DEMOCRACY—Contd. from P. 7

Many individuals had expected the worst. When the blow did not fall, they learned the meaning of democracy more poignantly from a display of fairness than they possibly could have from all the world's text books.

Now that normalcy has returned, more or less, to these parts, it might be well to take stock on the second generation and their parents here. Doubt as to the loyalty of this group hangs over only an infinitesimal portion of it. We must disperse even that last bit of doubt. Those who would do harm to America, if any, must be ferreted out from among us and put away for safe keeping. While no witch hunts are called for, we must show the way in uncovering traitors. We ourselves, must take the initiative in helping to remove every doubt no matter how small.

Since restoration of business the Community can go ahead and play its part in national defense. Its greatest effort can be in keeping everything normal on the civilian front.

Seattle Japanese operate a great number of hotels housing a large percentage of defense industry workers. They run rooming houses, restaurants, groceries, laundries and cleaning establishments. They supply perhaps 80 per cent of the local produce that reaches Seattle markets.

In other words, the Japanese have won for themselves a vital part in the life of this community, and in the welfare of the larger community of this nation.

It is, then, the constant duty of the second generation and their parents to keep the routine of the home front flowing along its usual channels, making every adjustment as quickly and as smoothly as possible.

WAR in the Pacific appears to have left these shores. Our blackouts, our "raider" scares, our radio silences are but a memory as the scene of battle shifts to distant fortresses. But anything is possible in this war. Who knows when hostile bombers will appear overhead suddenly to scatter a horrible rain of death.

It may be temptation to dismiss the war as almost won since the fighting has gone into the Far East. But the war is far from over, and there is bound to be much bad news before the final victory. We must not relax here, just because blackouts are no longer enforced. This is a world war, and it's not going to be finished until the dictator governments are crushed so completely that the common people throughout the great wide world can live in peace, security and freedom.

We needn't be emotional about it and we don't have to wave flags and sing patriotic songs unless we feel that way. But we should realize that the showdown is here, and all of us have the privilege of assisting in the world-wide struggle to better the lot of little people like you and I and our friends.

These are solemn times. And in all solemnity, we should give thanks that by the accident of birth we are on the right side.

—B. H.

Win-Centre Radio and Electric
A. T. Kobayashi
Okanagan Centre, B. C.

A Happy Holiday Season
Academy of Domestic Arts
MRS. T. MATSUZAKI, Principal
1603 Franklin Street Highland 5140-R

A MESSAGE TO THE NISEI FROM W. L. McTAVISH
Editor, the Vancouver Province

UNDER the very special conditions prevailing just now, perhaps I should say at the outset that I have no doubt whatever of the loyalty to Canada of the Nisei, and I hope most sincerely that nothing will occur to disturb the even tenor of their lives in this country.

Further I want to express the hope that as time goes on and unworthy prejudices disappear they will be able to live the richer and fuller lives to which their talents entitle them, and make the greater contribution to Canadian citizenship they are able to make.

To the Nisei themselves I can offer only one word of counsel: Be patient. Under its chauvinistic leadership the land of your forebears has pursued a course for which of course you are in no way responsible but which unfortunately justified to a degree the prejudice with which your race has been regarded by many Canadians. Therefore you must continue in patience to wait and to justify by your good works and good conduct the high opinion those of us who have been brought into contact with you have formed of you.

W. L. MacTavish.

A CHRISTMAS EDITORIAL By REV. K. SHIMIZU
Pastor, Powell United Japanese Church

ON CURSORY thought, Christmas seems to be out of place in a war-torn world. A further reflection reveals, however, that Christmas not only has been always at home in a world darkened by war — for into such world it first came, but its message becomes clearer and its functions more important in time of war.

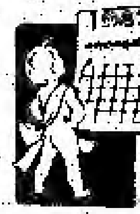
War can be a purifying agent. It does away with many indulgences tolerated in time of peace. Christmas in war time will be purged of all its frills and spurious accretions, and will once more become highly spiritual and therefore realistic. Instead of being a secularized festival, it will become a season of last Joy, born of the realization that "God so loved the world that he gave his only Begotten Son . . . that the world through Him might be saved."

Christmas comes to remind us of the ultimate purpose of life revealed in Jesus Christ, who said: "I came, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me." To do the will of God is the highest good, in reference to which everything takes on meaning and value. War is "hell, brutal and brutish . . ." and more; we do not certainly like it, nor do we want it—much less wish to court it. But when it is thrust upon us, we cannot do anything but to accept it, and say: "We can do no other, so help us God." And like all other evils of life, the only recourse open for us is to take it to God, and try to serve the eternal purpose of God through it all, with a firm faith that "all things work together for good to them that love God." So Christmas in war time is a season of true repentance, and a renewed resolve, in the words of Lincoln, to be concerned, not so much whether God be on our side, but that we be on God's side.

Christmas comes to show us the way to true victory. It is the way of Jesus, who even as a babe, was "wrapped in swaddling clothes," and all through life, "emptied himself by taking the nature of a servant . . . and humbly stooped in his obedience even to die, and to die upon the cross." It is the way by which we are not only willing to accept "blood, sweat, toil and tears," but for the sake of the Cause of the Kingdom, we deem it an honor and privilege to offer all we have, comfort, wealth, or life itself, for we know that these things are of value only as they are so dedicated. The way of the cross will also teach us to overcome evil with good, and not be overcome by the evil means we employ.

Christmas brings us the assurance of final victory. "And the light goes on shining in the dark, and it is not overcome by the dark." Darkness can never put out the light of God. In spite of everything, God still reigns. The evil power of the world can go a long way in their work of destruction, but their end is doomed. The Light of truth and righteousness, of love and brotherhood will triumph in the end.

As the light shines with greater brilliance against the darker background, Christmas comes to us with truer meaning this year, darkened as it is by the world-wide war. Let us enjoy Christmas in this true sense.



The Year 1941

By J. K.

Now that the year 1941 is drawing to a close I turn back the pages of my diary and see what I did this year. Lets look at *January*.

Hm . . . the first part of the month was uninteresting. Then on the 18th I broke the first resolution. Excuse—the Nisei Talent Revue and I got excited and smoked a forbidden cigarette. The rest of my resolutions fell apart magically. By the twentieth I did not have the slightest twinge of a troubled conscience. Heard about the special registration of Japanese and said "what, again?" Niseis can't get in the Army.

February . . . girl friend's birthday and got her the brand new Nylon hosiery . . . J. S. C. Oratorical Contest was a highlight and the Japanese 'Ghetto' plan was the low spot.

March . . . I went down and got registered . . . took my picture and went down hoping that the R.C.M.P. thought better of my picture than I did. It was alright. I was quizzed, fingerprinted and got my white card. I felt a lot better after it all.

April . . . Highspot this month was seeing Mr. Toyohiko Kagawa. He is a little man but with a big heart.

May . . . The Burrard Baseball League opened and the beloved Asahis were back in there swinging. Summer's coming and the first strawberries were out. We had a blackout test.

June . . . Victory Loan Campaign and I scraped enough together to buy a bond. I put my bit in on the War Effort and felt fine. The C. J. W. A. and the J.C.C.L. sponsored the Benefit Concert for the Queens Fund. It was a stupendous success and I saw Mayor Cornett really close up. I told my family history again and got registered. It was the Dominion Census man this time.

July . . . Daylight saving started and I just lived this month. The political air in the Pacific was tense but daylight saving let me play golf after work.

August . . . Another month of tension and ships are wandering about in the Pacific with no word when they will dock. A big sockeye run has the fishermen in a dither. Everything is cold . . . freezing here, freezing there.

September . . . The first Nisei was accepted in B. C. Pte. Kato is his name. Maybe persistence is the trick. Baseball had me biting my nails but to no avail. The Asahis went down fighting.

October . . . The J.C.C.L. Conference in Victoria had a good attendance and asked for the right to join in the army. But war clouds are again in the Pacific and some more boats are hovering who knows where? I went to donate a bit of blood to the Red Cross. A nice note was the success of the Folk Festival with some Japanese contributions.

November . . . The Japanese Branch went over their quota in the Welfare drive. Some more Niseis have made the Army. Nisei girls sold me an Armistice poppy. The Nisei Christian Conference had a record attendance. This was a good month.

December . . . Heard about the 6000 cans of salmon that the Upper Fraser Japanese fishermens Association donated to the people of Great Britain. It was a grand gesture.

Bang . . . Dec. 7th . . . my hopes go up at Pearl Harbour . . . blackouts . . . rumors . . . a friend of mine has lost his job . . . fishing boats are rounded up . . . we are at war with Japan . . . I am at war with Japan . . . my duty to this country is plain . . . the hysteria against the Japanese Canadian is increasing and will increase . . . it will be a stern Christmas and a sterner New Year.

The New Canadian

396 Powell Street Vancouver, B. C. PAcific 3431

A paper published by and for second generation Japanese in Canada, and devoted to their welfare as citizens of Canada.

Published weekly at the Taiyo Printing Company.

I Must Be Strong

I KNOW now for what war I was born.
Every child is born to see some struggle,
But this conflict is yet the worst.
For my dark features are those of the enemy,
And my heart is buried deep in occidental soil.
People will say things, and people will do things;
I know they will, and I must be strong.

I dread the thought of having to leave home each day,
The thought that I must continue as naught has happened,
For clouds will hang where the sun was bright
Everyone will smile, but what of their thoughts
As they gaze on one whose eyes are so black?
People will say things, and people will do things,
I know they will, and I must be strong.

— *Anonymous Nisei.*

Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

Dr. M. Uchida *Dr. H. Kamitakahara*
Dr. H. Kuwabara *Dr. H. M. Shimokura*
Dr. K. Shimotakahara
Physicians and Surgeons

Dr. M. Miyazaki
Osteopathic Physician

Dr. E. C. Banno *Dr. G. A. Ishiwara*
Dr. E. Miyake
Dental Surgeons

HENRY K. NARUSE
Optometrist
189 East Hastings Street MArine 9815

HAJIME SUZUKI
Optometrist
377 Powell Street PAcific 3016

The New Canadian

THE VOICE OF THE SECOND GENERATION

Vol. IV, No. 52 — VANCOUVER, B. C. — December 25, 1941

Citizens' League Broaches $1500 Emergency Budget

"Remembrance of Things Past"

Familiar scenes are these that linger now only in the memory . . . for they are a part of 1941's biggest news story,—the war and what it meant to 1800 fishermen, their wives and families. A packer silrouetted against the sea, putting out into the Gulf for the outposts of British Columbia's fishing industry. A fisherman taking time out for the traditional ritual that surrounds the washing of rice to satisfy the inner man.

Photos by Jimmie K. Kakutani

Weekly whirligig

By K. W.

Of pleasant things . . . exclusive-will this column be, written not readers, written only for me . . .

Tomorrow . . . is Christmas, and s nice to think that there'll be no ff-shirted tux to wear tomorrow cause there is no Christmas ball. he girls have wept, and will weep ith no one to see them in their ng gowns, but tomorrow I shall eep late, and go out to dinner ithout even a tie on and just relax nd quaff Christmas cheer and talk eely in an inebriatedly happy mann er and lie on the floor and play ith the kids . . . no radio news, no tters to the editor . . . just a rumstick in one hand and a glass n the other and the kids all over . . .

Tonight . . . I should go Christmas shopping, but being so busy t work, there's been no time to hop, so I still have cash jingling in ny pockets which I shall spend very conomically after prices come down rom their Christmas boom and if I haven't got the spirit, I shall find t in a place I know with the money 've saved . . .

One sorrowful note . . . suddenly strikes me so d that my resolution has gone the way of all resolutions, but this year there will be no innocent, sweet, juicy mikans to eat continuously from dawn till slumber-time. That's a tragedy, but we'll make up for it somehow, maybe we'll eat more pickles instead.

Heartwarming . . . in the midst of gloom and depression have been the telephone calls and letters from Canadian friends throughout the city and the province, expressing their sympathy and wish to help. This is the attitude of those who are fair and understanding, and who recognize local Japanese residents as human beings, not blocks of wood or senseless stone. One such friend makes up for a hundred silly letters to the press.

Santa Claus . . . has been arriving daily for some time now, each time with greetings from near and far . . . Los Angeles, Halifax, Montreal . . . Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton . . . Okanagan, Skeena, Victoria . . .

Powell Street, Kerrisdale, and Hastings East . . . if a newspaperman never makes money, he does make friends . . . and gifts are but the symbol of that friendship.

And last, but not least . . . oh boy, oh boy, tonight around 3 or 4 a.m. when the last business is cleaned up, the last paper mailed, the last typewriter covered, I'm going to sleep the clock around, sleep, sleep, sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care, the death of each day's life, sore labour's bath.

Trading With The Enemy

Government Regulations Clarified

VANCOUVER.—As far as can be ascertained from government sources, no action to confiscate or freeze the assets and funds of residents, whether alien Japanese or not, is contemplated by the authorities.

In fact, the Custodian of enemy property in Vancouver has given assurance that the "Consolidated Regulations respecting trade with the enemy" do not affect the property of Japanese race, who are "conducting themselves in a proper manner."

In other words, unless the law is amended at Ottawa, local residents, first or second generation, may feel perfectly easy as to the safety of their property or bank accounts.

In the United States, the Treasury department placed a freezing order over all enemy alien property, thus tieing up local business for many first generation. This ban was soon relaxed however, so that business men, market keepers, florists and so forth are now carrying on as usual in American cities.

Under the Consolidated regulations of 1931, the property of all persons, regardless of their nationality, who reside in enemy or enemy occupied territory must be reported to the Custodian of enemy property and will be held subject to his control.

Thus property owned by any person now resident in Japan, British subject or otherwise, must be reported to the custodian, and is controlled by him. Any business matters that have to do with such property must be approved by the Custodian.

These regulations all apply moreover to any local resident who has been detained by the federal police under the Defence of Canada regulations.

Any business dealings with their property must therefore be approved before being valid. Payments to such persons must be made to the Custodian.

The families of such persons are allowed reasonable living expenses out of the assets tied up.

The validity of any contract entered into is subject to the decision of the Secretary of State, who may cancel such contracts.

Full details may be obtained by writing to the Custodian, department of the Secretary of State, Ottawa. Local offices are with J. P. Ross & Son, in the Royal Bank Building.

Contingent of West Coast Boats Arrive

VANCOUVER.—Some 100 boats from the west coast of Vancouver Island were added to the already large fleet of fishing vessels immobilized at New Westminster, here Monday. Most of the boats were brought in by their owners, convoyed by the navy. Many of the larger seine boats and packers, it is understood, are being used in patrol work, leased by the authorities at $3 per day.

Hello, Readers!

This issue of The New Canadian will be the only issue published during Christmas week. Extra copies are available for your friends.

The next publication day will be Wednesday, December 31, and the following week The New Canadian will be issued at least twice.

The co-operation of all our readers in making news available to the paper and thus helping us to keep the public well-informed is earnestly requested.

And just a note: We must apalogise for the regrettably large number of typographical errors appearing in recent issues. We hope that they will be attributed to the emergency situation and overlooked on that account—just as we overlooked them.

Special Committee to Direct JCCL Action For Emergency Needs

VANCOUVER. — A special committee of the National Japanese Canadian Citizens League will study the feasibility of employing a full-time general secretary to devote every effort to meet emergency work arising from the Pacific conflict, following a meeting of the National Executive and Vancouver Chapter executive Sunday here.

This special committee comprising Dr. E. C. Banno, Tatsuro Suzuki, Harry Nagaobu, Kunio Shimizu, and Tom Shoyama was empowered to act for the organization in matters of national and urgent need.

Provide Leadership

It is felt that a second generation organization must now step into the shoes of the older generation to carry on community work, especially when the need for progressive leadership and vigorous leadership is so obvious.

Employment of a full-time secretary carries with it the task of raising an additional $1500 to meet salary and office expenses. The special committee will draft a plan for submission to another meeting of officers in January.

Survey Unemployment

The economic relations committee's work has changed to making a survey of the effects of the war on employment conditions in the Japanese community. The exact effects must be ascertained so that representations may be made to the authorities, or that some measure of relief be evolved.

The committee chairman, Kinzie Tanaka, will be assisted by chapter heads in all districts, and Vancouver representatives, E. Kitagawa, Hajime Suzuki, Harry S. Kondo, Yoshio Terada, and Eiji Yatabe.

National officers attended from Victoria, Chemainus, Steveston, Mission, Maple Ridge, New Westminster, and Vancouver.

● Newsbriefs

Vernon Issei Sentenced For Prejudicial Statements

VERNON, B.C. — Believed to be the first Japanese offender against Defence of Canada Regulations since the outbreak of war in the Pacific, The News-Herald reported today, "Masukuso Fusioko" was fined $100 or two months in jail in court here Monday on charges under the regulations dealing with uttering statements likely to be prejudicial to His Majesty.

Final ruling as to internment is left for action by the Attorney-General. The accused offered no defence and bowed and smiled unconcernedly throughout proceedings, said the News-Herald.

Careless talk can easily be an offense against the regulations.

Christmas Shopping Makes Comeback from War

VANCOUVER. — Improved business conditions, with a higher volume of business approaching more usual levels at Christmas time is reported by local Powell Street merchants. Although badly hit immediately after the outbreak of war, business picked up considerably as Christmas came closer and the public recovered some confidence as outstanding questions were settled, merchants said.

Nisei Soldiers Unaffected By Pacific War

Visiting in Vancouver for Christmas leave from military camp at Vernon, where he is now in training, is Private Joe Aida, Smithers-born Nisei youth, who enlisted in the Active Army last summer.

The outbreak of the war on the Pacific has made no difference either to himself or to Private Hiromu Tanaka, Prince Rupert Nisei, also in training at Vernon.

Aida's travelling companion and bosom buddy, incidentally, is a Chinese second generation, who enlisted at Prince Rupert with him.

Ken Hori

Representative
Singer Sewing Machine Company

351 West 20th FA 1386-L

S. Tsuruta

Representative
Singer Sewing Machine Company

393 Powell PA 7043

M. Yanagizawa & Sons

Representative
Singer Sewing Machine Company

1766 Franklin HI 5978-R

West End Cleaners

S. Okuma

1219 Davie MA 5816

Richmond Trading Company

396 Powell PA 7919

GREETINGS . . . and Best Wishes

Naganobu Bros.

NEW PIER CAFE

"Two Best Places to Eat—Here and Home"

220 Main PAcific 0716

Thanking our customers for their patronage during the past year

Burrard Baking Company

205 Powell Street
MArine 9517

Art K. Tateishi

and staff of
J. W. KELLY PIANO CO.

632 Seymour Street

RIVER RADIO CO.

Steveston, B. C.

BEST WISHES for the coming year

K. IWATA

368 E. Cordova Street
PAcific 7806

Vancouver Auto Service Station

198 Alexander Street
PAcific 5053

calendar

DECEMBER

24—Rissho Social, Hastings Auditorium, 8 p.m., 35c.
25—CHRISTMAS.
26—Y.P.S. Badminton Roller-fest, Happyland.
26-31—Y.P. Union Drama Festival, Kitsilano High Auditorium.
29—Seikokai Y.M.A. Roller and Dance Party, 7.30 to 11.30, 40c per person.

JANUARY

1—New Year's.
5—Roller Skating, Happyland, 7.30 p.m.
8—Nisei Red Cross Unit Work Night, Tairiku Hall, 8 p.m.

Gosh—No Social Functions!

marginal notes

"Kiyoshi Jack Nakamoto, E29101 First Pioneer Battalion, Royal Canadian Engineers, has been promoted to the rank of corporal. . . ."

Kiyoshi Nakamoto, now serving in the army of his country and ours . . . one whose lot we envy . . . I knew him.

Kiyoshi Nakamoto, and if you had told me years ago that he would be serving in this man's army some day I would probably have said, "Oh, you're full of it!" . . . and so would anyone else of his friends . . . they would have said:

"Kiyoshi Nakamoto? oh, sure, he's a nice guy, but he's too quiet to be interested in fighting anybody . . . but maybe that's the trait that made him.

Kiyoshi Nakamoto, become one of Canada's fighting men and a great example for the Nisei . . . he was the kind who was the happiest when reading books . . . his was an unobstrusive but intelligent mind . . . one who thought a great deal about things . . . and like most Nisei wondered what the future held for him . . . and there must have been some unrevealed streak of adventure in him . . . for on leaving school, and finding not much prospect of work in Vancouver he headed East . . . then with the advent of war he worked his way by stubborn determination into the ranks of the Canadian Army . . . and now he is a non-commissioned officer . . . I am proud to have known him.

Kiyoshi Nakamoto . . . and we Nisei are all proud of him and envy him . . . We salute you, Corporal, Kiyoshi Nakamoto.

The feeblemindedness of some Nisei is exasperating to put it in a mild way . . . For instance, the way the coming of the war has almost paralyzed some of them so that they are not able to stir an inch without being scared of getting censured by someone.

Soon after the war broke out, a set of common sense rules concerning the behavior of the members of the Japanese community was issued. These included, not gathering in numbers, not speaking Japanese in public, and so on, so as not to arouse and antagonize any dangerous feelings in the minds of some hotheads. However, there is such a thing as carrying this too far, I mean of course, the "gathering-in-numbers" question, the language matter should be strictly adhered to.

In time of war when everyone is under a severe strain, holding dances, socials and other similar activities is very helpful in upholding the morale. This is, I think, the reason why we should not cancel church socials and like activities but on the contrary we should hold even more than usual, in the afternoons if necessary.

After all, being cooped up at home with nohing to do except read books or go to a show (and some Nisei are even scared to do that), well, that sort of thing is going to get one and all of us down in a short while. . . .

So I say, let's get in the groove, don't let the heebiejeebies of war get us down . . . let loose and enjoy ourselves . . . we need it.

TOWN TOPICS

• **Welfare Clinic Time**

The public should note that the time for the Japanese Clinic has been changed from Friday evenings to Friday afternoons. It will be open for service from one o'clock until two.

* * *

• **Christmas Eve Social**

In response to popular demand and reversing last week's decision, the Rissho Young People's Society will go ahead full swing with a gala Christmas Eve Social, December 24, at Hastings Auditorium, from 8 p.m. A small fee of 35c will be asked from the public.

Doors will be open only from 8 until 8:30, so that latecomers will not be admitted. A special request from the Society is that, while they guarantee everyone a grand time, they would appreciate care, moderation, and self-control on the part of all.

* * *

• **Blessed Event**

Congratulations from many friends indeed are being received by Rev. and Mrs. Tachibana, upon the birth of an 8-pound baby girl, their second daughter, last Sunday, December 21.

* * *

• **Dance-Skatefest**

Don't forget, chillun, all about the rare doings dated to Happyland night of December 29, thass Monday, when the Seikokai Young Men's Club throws the latest gag—a two-hour session of roller skating, plus an extra two hours of smooth truckin' and jivin'. All fo' only forty cents.

Mikado Seinenkai
Vancouver, B. C.

Powell United Church C. G. I. T.
Vancouver, B. C.

Fairview Joshi Shuyokai
Vancouver, B. C.

Seikokai Junior Church
Vancouver, B. C.

ERNIE'S ICE CREAM PARLOR

Corner of Main & Powell

YAMATO SILKS LIMITED

460 Granville Street PAcific 4557

S. SHIBUYA & CO.

Drygoods and Men's Wear

MArine 7741 378 Powell Street

DECEMBER 2

Special New Y
Services At H

The Hompa Buddhi
School will carry o
next Sunday, Dece
with classes beginni
a.m. for the children
A special New Y
Service will be held a
pa Temple on New Y
December 31, from 1
On the following d
New Year's service
held at the Hompa
New Year's Eve, De
from 10 p.m.
On the following

Season's Gre

Palomar B
Shop

Rose Miya

293 E. Hastings

Christmas G

Star Bea
Shop

Miss K. K

332 Main

GREETING
and Best W

Ocean Fi
Limit

N.H.B.

Star M

353 Powe
Vancouve

730 Granville

Complime
Yuletide

C. Has

616 Eve
Phone:
New Westm

...ecial New Year's ...rvices At Hompa

...ne Hompa Buddhist Sunday ...ool will carry on as usual ... Sunday, December 28, ... classes beginning at 9:30 ... for the children.

... special New Year's Eve ...vice will be held at the Hom... Temple on New Year's Eve, ...ember 31, from 10 p.m.

...n the following day, special ...w Year's services will be ...d at the Hompa Temple on ...w Year's Eve, December 31, ...m 10 p.m.

On the following day, special

United Church News

President Eiji Yatabe will be host on Saturday night, December 27, to the members of theexecutive of the Powell Y. P. S., at his home 2818 Yew St., from 8 p.m. for a strenuous business session.

On Sunday, December 28, the Society will hold its all-important annual general meeting for business reports and the election of new officers for 1942. All members are urged to attend.

New Year's services will be held at 9 o'clock in the morning.

Call Out The Army—Oliver Invaded

(From the Vernon News)

OLIVER, B.C., Dec. 13. — Anti-Japanese feeling is running high in Oliver and Osoyoos since the arrival of a Japanese family on a farm six miles north of this town, which for 23 years has barred all Orientals from the district.

Mixed feelings of surprise and indignation are expressed by business men and growers of fruits and vegetables, and concern is felt for both the local and national effect that may result from this peaceful invasion of "forbidden territory."

The move comes at a time when Japan goes to war with the British Empire, and although the father of the family has been a resident of Canada for 34 years and his three sons are Canadian born and educated, local residents hold the opinion that these Japanese have a sympathetic feeling for Japan and are not to be trusted.

The national aspect of the matter, some residents say, concerns the fact that the Japanese who bought a farm at Oliver, are on a straight line drawn from Vancouver to Trail where the big smelter offers a fine target for enemy bombers. The great heaps of brush which the Oliver Japanese are accumulating as they clear their land could be touched off at night as flaming beacons to guide the enemy bombers on their deadly mission.

So far as can be determnied the land deal by which Hirozo Fugita acquired the old Naismith farm is perfectly legal and legitimate. The deal was put through by Harry Boyle, of Penticton, agent, who had charge of the property. The land was purchased in the name of Masayoshi, the eldest son, Canadian born and educated in Penticton. The family are well known and respected in Penticton district where they have resided for many years.

CAPITAL CITY CHATTER

Mr. Toki Kondo is the proudest pappy hereabouts. The reason: his wifey Alice presented him with the nicest Christmas present imaginable — a six pound, two ounce baby girl on Saturday, December 20. All doing nicely, thank you.

Please note that the Christmas Social sponsored by the local chapter of the J.C.C.L. is being held on Christmas Day and not on the 26th as erroneously reported previously. The members of the younger set are being invited as guests of the chapter.

The Date: Christmas Day. The Time: 8 p.m. The Place: Royal Academy Hall, corner of Cook and Fort St. Admission: 25c.

Everybody Welcome!

Again Christmas finds the country at war. Again Christmas recalls the ideals of peace and goodwill to men. Christmas is always Christmas. Despite the war — despite all that has happened or will ever happen, we extend to our many friends everywhere the good old Christmas wish, as timely now as always — A Merry Christmas and a Happy New New Year.

The Taiyo Club Christmas Draw Results

First, Mrs. Fukushima, No. 207; Second, Jack Norman, No. 103; Third, G. A. Lindquist, No. 273; Fourth, Mrs. W. Hasegawa, No. 296; Fifth, S. H. Frith, No. 293; Sixth, K. Ise, No. 214; Seventh, S. Henmi, No. 203. Consolation prizes: R. H. Lott and A. Alexander.

LEAGUE STANDING

	P	W	L
Taiyo Club	2	2	0
J. C. C. L.	2	1	1
Beavers	2	0	2

With Kuwabara boys doing the brother act, Thomas and Masa, gathering in twenty-two of the team's points, the Taiyo Club downed the Beavers by a 26-22 score.

The clubbers led 12-6 at half time.

Taiyos: T. Kuwabara, 12; M. Kuwabara, 10; G. Hasegawa, 2; J. Mori, O. Shimizu, 2.—Total, 26.

Beavers: T. Shimizu, 8; H. Kuwabara, 8; P. Hasegawa, Mitsuo Kawasoe, M. Morita, 6.—Total, 22.

Race Prejudice in the Okanagan

An Editorial from The Vernon News

FROM an account appearing on Page Eight, the good people of Oliver are a very worried lot, these days, and their worries do not all stem from the current state of the world's affairs.

For years now Oliver has had the dubious distinction of being a "white man's" town, and any Oriental who was so unlucky as to set one trembling foot on the soil was immediately informed that he was as welcome as the plague. If a warning did not suffice there were always enough stout hearts about to organize suitably effective strong arm methods.

Now, however, Oliver's peaceful, tight little world lies shattered — or almost shattered. A Japanese — a resident of Canada for over 30 years — has actually had the nerve to purchase property and has moved his Canadian-educated family onto the land he owns.

All sorts of things are being whispered about. Apparently, the Japanese has gathered a huge pile of wood that, lighted, conceivably could serve as a beacon to bombers Trail-bound. In fact, he seems to be setting about ordinary tasks on his land.

The Japanese may stick to his wood-piling and his land clearing, and also to his own business, which is more than his neighbors seem to be able to do. But it is possible that he will be in for an uncomfortable time.

Here is an example of that intolerance, that spirit of fierce determination to look on other races as lesser breeds within the law, which is the breeder of conflicts, at first small, then provincial, then national, then international. And finally into the hellish brew that spans lands and oceans and continents.

We are supposed, now, to be carving out a bright new world in which the old hatreds will have no place. In this construction, Oliver does not seem to be in the van.

Season's Greetings
Palomar Beauty Shop
Rose Miyasaki
293 E. Hastings PA 2614

Wishing You All A Happy Holiday Season
H. S. Okumura
General Agents
Real Estate
334 Powell PA 8716

Christmas Cheer
Star Beauty Shop
Miss K. Kitano
332 Main PA 1518

Compliments of the Yuletide Season
Cherry Beauty Shop
163 Powell PA 1918

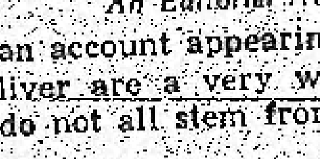
GREETINGS . . . and Best Wishes
Ocean Fisheries Limited
N.H.B. DOCK
Star Market
353 Powell Street
Vancouver, B. C.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year
Powell Drug Co.
"Prescription Specialists"
399 Powell Street
PAcific 5038

Many Happy Wishes for the Best of New Years
SILK-O-LINA LTD.
730 Granville Street MArine 4737

Compliments of the Yuletide Season
C. Hasegawa
616 Ewen Avenue
Phone: 1472-R-3
New Westminster, B. C.

Best Wishes for the Holiday Season
Nishijima & Nishi...
Men's Wear Store
875 Columbia Street
New Westminster, B. C.



Yama Taxi

Yamasan
Fish Cakes
474 Alexander HI 1034

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year
Hotel Patricia
Highland 1615-1616
403 E. Hastings Street

Y. Uchida
M. Ohashi
General Insurance
General Agents
Real Estate
MArine 4727
813 Dominion Bank Bldg.

Tokyo Steam Dye Works
611 Johnson St., Victoria, B.C.
Vancouver, B. C.

S. Yamasaki
Watchmaker
216 Powell PA 3915

Akiyama Hardware
368 Powell MA 1853

Anglo-Nippon Co.
Men's Furnishings
218 Powell PA 9716

here's a big "V" in nisei sport

V for Victory is the motif here on the local sports front, and in the design. And it's V for veterans, too, because all these old timers displayed here are still the big guns in the Nisei sport world. Never say die is the slogan for veterans who oil the wheels or keep right in there on top of the heap. Merry Christmas to you and from them with the compliments of The New Canadian Sports Department.

Starting off with Jackson Katsukawa, king pin golfer of the Pacific Northwest. No other golfer holds so much esteem as does the 'champ' who won his title for the second year in a row.

In Baseball, if you were to fall back on any one individual best known in sandlot circles, the natural choice would be Roy Yamamura, veteran of many, many years. Manager of the Burrard League Asahis and also president of the Japanese Baseball League.

Next the three directors, Mi Akiyama, 'Mat' Matsui and 'Bing' Tanaka. This trio has done a lot in the progress of their own particular game, basketball, badminton and table tennis respectively. The amount of work involved in the directorship of such organizations, the average person doesn't know. Their sacrifices and troubles merit them a spot in the [illegible]

Shinpei 'Jackson' Katsukawa

Yoshio 'Mat' Mutsui

Roy Yamamura

Mi Akiyama

Bing Tanaka

CAGE Communique

Tell it in figures! Compiled below are statistics bringing to date all the varying highlights of the Japanese Cage Loop up to date.

Last minute cage notices from director Mi Akiyama are: On Tuesday, December 30, the cagette league calls a meeting to outline the season that starts immediately after the New Year. On the same evening senior and intermediate games scheduled are: 7.00 o'clock, Ink Spots vs. Comets and at 8 o'clock Shibuya meets M. & N.

SENIOR STANDING

	W	L
Maikawa	3	0
Marpole	2	1
M. & N.	0	2
Shibuya	0	2

INTERMEDIATE STANDING

	W	L
Ink Spots	3	0
Celtic	3	1
Comets	2	2
Tammy's	1	2
Toxis	1	2
Steveston	1	3

JUNIOR STANDING

	W	L
Marpole	4	0
Monarchs	3	2
Nomads	3	2
Hurricanes	1	4
Acme Cannery	0	3

SENIOR BIG TEN

	Pts.	G.
Sub Miike (Marp.)	34	3
Yuki Uno (Maik.)	21	3
B. Wakabayashi (Maik.)	20	3
J. Miike (Marp.)	20	3
Y. Fujioka (Marp.)	16	3
Joe Akiyama (Maik.)	16	2
A. Tokawa (M. & N.)	14	2
Nori Nishio (Shib.)	14	2
Kaz Suga (Maik.)	14	3
T. Machida (M. & N.)	12	2

INTER. BIG TEN

	Pts.	G.
S. Akiyama (Ink Spots)	32	3
S. Ishikawa (Celtics)	32	3
Dave Naruse (Steveston)	29	4
Toki Toyama (Comets)	23	4
Ken Onishi (Ink Spots)	25	3
K. Mukai (Steveston)	21	4
N. Kimura (Tammy's)	20	3
Chuck Oda (Steveston)	19	4
Kiyoshi Maikawa (Comets)	18	4
K. Kadoraga (Celtics)	17	3

BAD MEN OF THE LEAGUE

Seniors

Yuki Uno	4
B. Wakabayashi	4
Joe Akiyama	4
Mitz Shimoda	4
Jinx Miike	4

Intermediates

Lloyd Shimotakahara	5
Miki	9
Toki Toyama	7

★ The Year's CHAMPS!

BASEBALL

Pacific Northwest .... Asahis
Japanese League .... Union Fish
Bussei League .... Maple Ridge Farmers
Intercity League .... Kyuhins

SKI

Pacific Northwest Ski Champ .... 'Jeep' Inamoto
Nishihama Challenge Trophy .... Fuji Ski Club
Tanaka Insurance Trophy .... Fuji Ski Club
S. Hamagami Trophy and Paramount Cup .... 'Jeep' Inamoto
H. S. Toda Memorial Cup .... 'Jeep' Inamoto

BOWLING

White Cap Sea-Food Trophy .... Shibuya

BASKETBALL

Seniors (E. Kagetsu Trophy) .... Maikawa
Intermediate (Hajime Suzuki Cup) .... Marpole
Juniors (Tairiku Cup) .... Yehudis
Cagette (Uchida Cup) .... Cardinals
Pacific N.W. 'A' Champion .... Jack Katsukawa
Pacific N.W. 'B' Champion .... Joe Kodaira
Pacific N.W. 'C' Champion .... Dr. E. Kuwabara
Pacific N.W. 'D' Champion .... Thomas Yoshida

TENNIS

B. C. Open

Men's Singles .... Frank Watanabe (Seattle)
Ladies' Singles .... Fumi Deshima
Men's Doubles .... Tom Nobuoka-Shig Ouye
Mixed Doubles .... Shig Ouye-Chiyo Hyodo

Club Championship

Men's Singles .... Fred Sasaki
Ladies' Singles .... Fumi Deshima
Men's Doubles .... Johnny Tanaka-Tom Iwasaki
Ladies' Doubles .... Chiyo Hyodo-Teiko Ide
B Singles .... Tats Kagawa

BADMINTON

B. C. Open

Men's Doubles .... Michi Ashikawa-Johnny Tanaka
Ladies' Doubles .... Lucy Koyanagi-Fumi Deshima
Mixed Doubles .... Yoshio Matsui-Fumi Deshima
'B' Mixed Doubles .... Koichi Kaminishi-Kay Uyeno
'B' Men's Doubles .... Rinzo & Eizo Amemori

TABLE TENNIS

B. C. Open

A Singles .... Bing Tanaka
B Singles .... Tat Kagawa
Ladies' Singles .... Eileen Shintani
Men's A Doubles .... Yoichi Yasui-Bing Tanaka
Men's B Doubles .... Koichi Kaminishi-Tats Kagawa

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FUJI SKI CLUB
Vancouver, B. C.

Japanese Baseball League
Vancouver, B. C.

Maple Ridge Farmers' Baseball Club

Japanese Basketball League
Vancouver, B. C.

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Maples Fly as Keglers Swing Into Groove

In the second week of competition, the expectant big scores started to pop out as the bowlers familiarized themselves with the strange Chapman Alleys, and on the whole individual marks showed vast improvement over last week. Three bowlers really went to town and spilt the pins in the "700" mark. Mas Isoshima had his hook ball right in the groove, scattering the pins for a three game aggregate total of 786 pins. Mas Ishihara and Joe Tehara picked off 711 and 709 pins respectively.

Shig Yamashita's single game record of 291 pins made last week still stands on record as tops. Stylist Tad Kondo came the closest last Monday when he bowled 282.

So far as individual scores are concerned Mas Isoshima is well afront of the rest with a 6 game average of 236 pins and in team standing Tanaka Bros. and Tad Kondo's team are leading with 5 games won and 1 loss.

Singers 3—Asahi 0

Joe Tehara	262	267	180	709	Roy Yamamura	190	238	175	603
Hamakawa	157	166	175	498	K. Kutsukake	140	185	185	510
Jim Fukui	125	239	167	531	Yuki Uno	173	217	183	573
Chuta Ebata	128	248	225	601	K. Kaminishi	191	207	116	516
O. Yanagizawa	130	147	213	490	Geo. Shishido	132	217	172	521
Handicap	36	36	36	108					
Total	838	1103	996	2937	Total	829	1064	930	2723

Ishoshima 3—Nishino 0

S. Yamashita	196	211	166	576	J. Miyazawa	121	145	159	425
T. Wakabayashi	114	158	113	385	B. Masui	130	141	176	447
A. Kutsukake	129	186	188	503	T. Nose	150	181	109	440
R. Hayashi	233	202	197	632	G. Nishino	108	200	198	506
M. Isoshima	258	271	257	786	Y. Nishimura	111	193	130	437
					Handicap	68	68	68	204
Total	930	1031	921	2882	Total	691	898	840	2419

Kondo 3—Nishimura 0

M. Nishimura	158	201	249	608	M. Sugie	215	177	193	585
Jack Koyama	269	217	198	684	K. Kitamura	180	113	148	441
Tom Hori	173	216	155	544	J. Kamashiro	131	139	164	434
Sab Kubota	145	120	171	436	T. Koyanagi	108	101	143	412
Nick Nosaye	183	244	158	585	Handicap	36	36	36	108
Tad Kondo	282	215	183	680					
Total	1058	1006	868	2932	Total	880	767	913	2568

Sonoda 2—Fujimoto 1

Tats Ono	151	186	215	552	F. Fujimoto	173	225	219	617
Mas Endo	204	156	144	504	T. Mori	183	145	245	573
Mitz Sonoda	159	244	225	628	T. Wakabayashi	185	213	134	532
Geo. Kubota	171	131	182	490	T. Fujimoto	194	172	135	501
Mas Ishihara	231	217	263	711	M. Sugimori	225	191	197	613
Handicap	28	28	28	84					
Total	947	965	1067	2969	Total	960	949	829	2636

Tanaka Bros. 2—Kutsukake 1

Bing Tanaka	258	159	166	583	T. Kutsukake	184	198	189	571
F. Nikaido	197	158	206	561	G. Tsujikawa	180	153	169	502
M. Goromaru	173	200	217	590	G. Kutsukake	232	206	165	603
Kozai	231	163	114	508	S. Okawara	127	170	159	456
Steve Ebata	218	185	98	502	H. Kutsukake	167	162	206	533
Handicap	26	26	26	78					
Total	1102	891	827	2822	Total	890	889	886	2665

The Nineteenth Hole for 1941's Golf

By JIMMY SUZUKI

ON bright sunny Sundays during the golf season, if you happened to be around Langara Golf Course at noon, you'd wonder if this course was owned and operated by Japanese to see all the fellows on the putting green waiting for their round of Sunday golf. The same applies to the East End course at Hastings—the haven for embryo golfers.

Yes, golf has finally arrived and has become an integral part of Nisei sport life.

GOLF IS HERE TO STAY!

Walk down Powell street during a warm lunch hour and you will see the inevitable group of young fellows in front of some store talking—GOLF. Yes, it's more than likely they are analyzing their hooks and slices, or bragging about that beautiful drive on the 9th, or the birdie on the 17th, or sadly lamenting the other non-too-cheery side of golf—that 7 or 9 on the 5th, instead of the ball game that the Asahis won the night before! Golf is here to stay and will not take a back seat to any Nisei sport.

1941 GOLF REVIEW:

The Spring Open, the Northwest Classic and the Fall Open! Double it up for two straight years and there you have "Jackson" Katsukawa, the "Bobby Jones" of Northwest Japanese Golfdom and our selection as the most outstanding athlete in the Northwest for 1941! To

THAT EXTRA BIT OF "POWER"

take all major crowns in one season was a feat worthy in itself, but to repeat the performance is something that will not be duplicated in the future — unless he repeats! True he encountered many difficulties, but each time came thru' with that extra bit of "power" that defines a champion. His closest to not repeating was in defense of his last crown, the Fall Open, when George Ogino, a comparative newcomer to golf, had him two down, two to go in the first round match play. He took the hard 17th with a par, pulled out his "Sunday" putt to can a 20-footer for a birdie three on the last hole to tie up the match and thence disposed of the "upstart" on the 19th. George Isogai put up a brilliant fight in the finals, but the champ had too much on the ball and won out 2 and 1.

As in other years, the season was sparked by the "dream" shot of all golfers — the hole-in-one. Three were made during the season — two at Hastings by **Hiroshi Kuwahara** and the other by **Eddie Kitagawa** on his own "backyard." The other was contributed by **George Ogino** who aced the fifth at Langara — his second in three years of golf — during the Second Issei-Nisei match, which incidentally the Nisei won out to avenge the defeat earlier in the season.

The aspiring golfers at Hastings made a grand start this year organizing the "Hastings Dub and Dodo Club," the name derived from the fact that most of the players were Dubs (beginners to non-players)

THE DUBS AND DODOS.

and Dodo from the two holes in one made this year. Three tourneys were held during the year — in which "Doc" Yasui, the club secretary almost repeated "Jackson" Katsukawa's elite performance, by winning the first two, and with a grand slam in hand, balked to lose out to "darkhorse" Otto Yanagizawa.

So the fortunes of golf go — with winter still to be heard from, the majority still go out every Sunday to get enough material for the 19th hole before a warm fire or at their corner coffee counter — waiting for next Sunday to come so they could do better than the Sunday before — always looking on the bright side of life!

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221 Gore MA 4816

Asahi Garage
Corner Gore & Cordova PAcific 4950

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208 Main PA 8027

Cordova Grocery
790 E. Cordova HI 3160

Diamond Cleaners
2163 E. Hastings HI 0687

Electric Massage
Mrs. Sadayo Fujisawa
289 E. Hastings MA 8789

Empress Studios
438 Main MA 5634
214 Powell MA 5634

Hayashi Eishindo
315 Powell PA 7965

Hayashiya
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Kasuga Confectionery
359 Powell PA 5015

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243 Main PA 1416

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Nabata Shoe Store
356 Powell MA 8912

Nabata Taxi
473 Powell HI 0765

New Fish Market
394 Powell PA 9628

Nishihata Sheet Metal Works
457 Powell HI 0426

Okura Laundry
230 Powell PA 8759

Omae Confectioners
249 Main PA 0757

Ozawa Shoe Store
244 Powell PA 6412

Safety Garage
213 Powell MA 0748

Shigematsu Florist
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Redwings Surprise Tigers—Still Deadlocked In Soccer Semi-Final

Last Sunday the Cambie Tiger-Kitsilano Redwing sudden-death semi-final resulted in a 1-all deadlock after two overtime periods. This game will be carried over to Sunday, December 28 at 10:00 o'clock.

The highly touted and star-studded Cambie Tigers failed to impress this cold and miserable scribe who stood on the sidelines for nearly two hours. The Kitsles' forward line led by Chuck Terada and Company were pushing the Tigers back until they had the Tigers playing defensive.

Otto Yanagizawa who played a good game at fullback breaking up the Cambie combination time and again started the setting for the first goal Dribbling the ball past the Tigers he passed to right-winger Kimura who in turn centered it in front of the goal mouth where Chuck Terada hooked it in.

Yosy Yasui countered for the Tigers late in the second half when he headed one past Goalie Yamada in a mad scramble in front of the goal mouth.

Soccer Bits: Shig Yamashita, Tiger's sure-footed penalty kicker missed his first penalty kick of the season . . . Otto Yanagizawa, playing in running shoes, made a big difference on the Redwing defence . . . Goalies Mas Yamada and George Yoshinaka displayed sparkling goal-tending. . . . Next Sunday the Kitsles will play Kito Kato, Tad Wakabayashi as well as Otto. . . .

The Scribes Assemble for—

The Hot Stove League 1941

Let's take a glance back over the many activities that highlighted the community's horsehide and hickory world during the season just passed. The Asahis of the Burrard League, the Japanese, Bussei and Inter-city loops.

The year 1941 brought additional glory and honor to the already brilliant record of the Asahi Baseball Club. This year's array of stars upheld the traditional sportsmanship and color that has won for the rep diamond nine and the Japanese community many Occidental friends during the two decades the Asahis' name has flashed across the city baseball world.

Although they failed to win the championship of the Burrard League, we must pay tribute to the Nippon's courageous and brilliant showing the past year. Their's was an up-hill battle against competition that was vastly superior to the calibre they had been accustomed to in past years. Asahis rose to the occasion with superlative ball-playing and gave stiff battles to the other teams studded with former pros and semi-pros.

Asahis weren't even considered against the tougher opposition but they changed quite a few minds by putting up a keen battle and reaching the semi-finals. Even in the semis they carried the playoffs to the limit.

Although the Burrard League Championship was a closed book for the Nipponese, the local nine proved that they were still tops as far as the Northwest Japanese diamondeering was concerned. This year the Vancouver nine turned back the challenge of the Fife Nippons from across the border to chalk up their fifth consecutive **Pacific Northwest Championship.** The Fife squad, five times title-holders of the Courier Double "A" circuit, were expected to have the best chance in many years to cop the coveted bauble when they overwhelmed the Canadians on Fife's home ground. But the sad story remains that they were trounced two straight by the Canucks in Vancouver.

No new names were added to the Asahi roster this year, every veteran of the previous season coming back to don their uniforms again. There is not the least doubt that the higher calibre of ball played this year pulled the Asahis far above the level accustomed to in recent years.

A few of the names that flashed across the pages most consistently during the season come to mind now. Big gun in the Asahi offensive was, as per usual, **Kaz Suga,** who has led his team in hickory-wielding for the fourth consecutive year. Besides his high batting average of .395, the southpaw ace led in total bases, base hits, runs batted in and topped it off by pilfering the most number of bases. . . . Slight **Tommy Sawayama** led the Asahis pitching staff. . . . the brilliant shortstop guardian, **Mike Maruno,** won him honorable mention and a spot on the All-Star selection by local daily. . . . Others that stand fast in our memories is . . . the comeback of hefty **Koei Mitsui** with his hickory bludgeon . . . the steady playing of keysack guardian, **Yuki Uno and George Shishido** at second will never be forgotten . . . and last but not least **Nag Nishihara**'s brilliant come-back on the pitching staff.

JAPANESE LEAGUE.

For the third consecutive year, the Japanese League championship pennant flies proudly atop the Union Fish mast. After getting off to a poor start, Sandy Stein's boys fought back and finally outlasted Maikawa and **Powell Drug.**

Bouquet of flowers right now to manager Stein for his success and also for bringing up three untried youngsters and playing them regularly during the latter part of the season. These kids, discovered in the baseball school started by Kaz Suga and Mike Maruno came through nobly in the pinch and proved valuable factors in the Union Fish pennant drive.

BUSSEI LEAGUE.

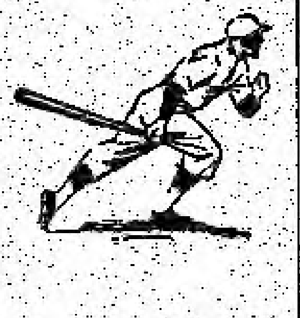
The long monopoly of the Hompa team on Bussei League championship was finally broken, the first time since the league was organized six years ago.

Well on their way to permanent city possession of the second championship trophy, the city squad met their Waterloo in the Farmer ball team from the Maple Ridge Y.M.B.A. newcomers to the church league. In toppling the Hompa nine from their lofty pedestal, the Farmers accomplished what Fairview had been itching to do since the league's inception. Until this year, the final playoffs always saw the perennial rivals, Fairview and Hompa battling it out. The Kitsilano Busseis nearly always put up a grand fight, but were never able to grace the winner's circle.

INTER-CITY LEAGUE.

Kitsilano Kyuhins grabbed the top spot and the new shiny Inter-city Challenge Cup at the finish of a well-fought and really fast season. Big addition to the loop this year was the Steveston Fuji, who gave the twice-champion Kyuhins their only serious competition.

The only interest that Mikados, last year runner-ups, had in the league was in trying to keep ahead of the last spot New Westminster Taiikus which turned out to be not quite so difficult for the Taiikus lost all their games.



The final season standing saw Kitsilano Kyuhins sitting happily on top with five wins and one loss. Stevestonites lost two games. Mikado's with four losses and two wins and Taiikus with five losses and no wins followed in order.

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Steveston Brooklynites' Blitz Highlights Colourful Judo Year

By F. A. M.

STEVESTON, the Brooklyn of the judo world created the greatest sensation in judo doings in 1941, when, accompanied by the usual rabid and ofttimes hysterical band of rooters (they are only eclipsed by the notorious Brooklyn, U.S.A. baseball fans), the prides of Steveston cleaned up the show at the junior tournament in the Japanese Hall last November.

Their feat shaded considerably the other sensation of the year, The brother act of the Hatashita clan who overwhelmed the rest of the field in the black belt and under b.b. championships in the senior tournament held in the spring.

The Steveston triumph was to put it mildly a shock (althou' pleasant) even to the most optimistic Stevestonite. Steveston was favoured in some of the divisions, such as the under 16 individual, and the under 18 team divisions. However from the outset of the meet, cheered on by the prayers and the half-uttered urgings of their fellow townsmen, the Lulu Island lads brushed aside all opposition almost contemptuously. When their reps showed up strongly in the later rounds, the venerable Japanese Hall shook with the joy and expectant shouts of the now slightly insane crowd of supporters.

The finals lined up like this: the under 18 individual—Steveston vs. Vancouver Centre; the under 16—Steveston vs. Chemainus; the under 14—Steveston vs. Chemainus; the under 13 team final—Steveston vs. Vancouver Centre; and the under 15½ team final—Steveston vs. Chemainus.

And as one by one, Isao Nishi, Kenji Yoshida, and the two teams vanquished their opponents in quick order, the ecstasy of the pseudo-Brooklynites grew and when the under 18 final rolled up featuring their Mitsunobu Tanino and "Oscar" Hatashita the perennial champion and present time holder of the underblack belt championship, which means supremacy in the senior and junior divisions in all of Canada, the con-

u ed throbbing of the collective Steveston heart could be heard above the din of the crowd. Hatashita had never been thrown or otherwise defeated in the memories of most of the spectators and when the Steveston lad spilled the husky Vancouver giant for half a fall, the whole building went wild in a slightly colossal way.

But lightning didn't strike twice and Tanino was finally tossed and pinned by Hatashita and with that went all his and the rest of Steveston's dream of a perfect cleanup . . . but, h--ll some people are never satisfied?

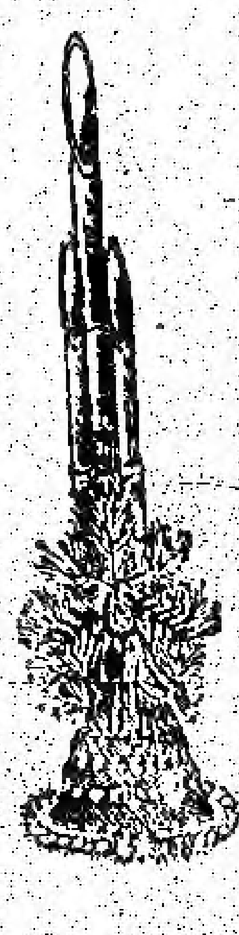
* * *

The Hatashita Bros. affair in the same Japanese Hall in the spring was more or less expected but it brought a bright glow of pride to the ruddy countenance of Mr. Hatashita Sr., and the Vancouver Centre members and established more firmly in the minds of judo fans the ever-popular and oft-proven legend of the invincibility of the Hatashitas.

The senior Hatashita's final opponent in the black belt division was Minoru Sakata of Chemainus, which centre had the most finalists in the autumn tournament next to Steveston. This was probably more than a coincidence since Mr. Sakata is the chief instructor at the Chemainus gym. Which is a nice compliment indeed.

In the spring the usual run of tournaments at each district took place as athletes from each gym journeyed to Mission, Maple Ridge, Steveston, Fairview, Kitsilano, Woodfibre, and Chemainus. Cups and other prizes were fiercely fought for and a good time was had by all. This practice of awarding prizes will probably be discontinued next year.

A decision made in 1941 by the Yudansha Kai, the ruling body of judo in Canada, was that the age limit for seniors would be lowered from 18 to 16 so that the senior division which had begun to thin out due to injection of younger members. This affected the rankings issued in May work and other different reasons would gain impetus and energy from the and the district tournaments in the early spring considerably.



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Larry K. Ikeno	Tets Kitaguchi	Toshio Murakami	Kaide Shimizu	
Fumihiro Inaba	Y. Kuno	Gordon Nakamura	Hideo Takeda	
Moto Kawahara	Bob Miyasaka Yoshiro Miyasaka	Takeshi Nishida	Mr. and Mrs. N. Takenaka	**Tomomi Date**
Nobuo Idenouye Yoshio Idenouye Nonky Idenouye	George Ogaki Rozie Ogaki	Tom Oikawa Bill Sasaki	Romeo Nakasuji Dick Sora Dick Uchida	

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and a bright and

Happy New Year

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